The Nation.

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MAY 22

EDITORIAL

THE RAPE IN CENTRAL PARK

The glaring fact overlooked in the media spasm following the beating and rape of a 28-year-old investment banker in Central Park on April 19 by teen-agers from Harlem is that attitudes sanctioning male aggression against women span race and class. For example, two years ago, in the wake of an incident of sexual harassment and a "Take Back the Night" march, a wolf pack of thirty-five white Princeton men roved through the campus chanting, "We can rape anyone we want." Middle-class men viewing *The Accused* have cheered the film's harrowing gang-rape scene. A poor black man told *The Village Voice*, whose coverage of the Central Park incident has been outstanding, that "it just don't make no sense, the way they beat her. I mean, they should've just raped her."

Since the 1970s, when rape finally became a public issue, concerted feminist organizing has brought improvements in criminal law, police practices and hospital behavior—all aimed at shifting responsibility from the victim to her assailant. More assaults are reported now as a result of legislation insuring confidentiality. Many states have enacted rape shield laws that limit testimony about a victim's prior sexual history. Some have gone further by revoking the requirement that prosecutors prove the victim did not consent to the assault. But conviction rates for rape have scarcely improved. Juries are still more likely to acquit in cases where the woman is single, young and met her assailant at a bar or otherwise knew him.

Much attention is now focused on racial tension and class antagonism in New York City—where the clash between First World affluence and Third World desperation is truly acute. But any understanding of what happened in Central Park must begin with the wider problem of violence against women.

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Randall Kennedy

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Katrina vanden Heuvel

THE STUFF OF BOMBS
Minard Hamilton

HONDURAS AND THE CONTRAS
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Gene Santoro

ALASKA OVER THE BARRELS

THE SPILLS AND SPOILS OF BIG OIL

JOHN GREELY

As the nation's worst oil spill spread along a thousand miles of Alaska's beaches, the Exxon Corporation was offering fishermen between $2,000 and $5,000 a day for the use of their boats in the cleanup, but they had to sign an agreement to keep their mouths shut. Some Alaskans were shocked by this blatant corporate arrogance, which seemed only to add to the stench of the 10-million-gallon slick. In truth, however, the hush money started flowing long before Exxon's tanker hit the rocks.

In 1969, Alaskans cut a deal with the oil industry. In exchange for a few thousand acres of wilderness around Prudhoe Bay, the young state received enough money to double its spending on state services. When oil prices skyrocketed ten years later, sufficient cash poured in to permit the repeal of personal income taxes and put every tenth oil dollar into a trust account for future generations. Even when oil prices crashed in 1986 and layoffs sent thousands of residents to other states in search of jobs, those who stayed still counted their financial blessings, from relatively low taxes to the annual dividend checks generated by the $10 billion Alaska Permanent Fund.

The money made many Alaskans forget the reason they hungered for statehood in 1959: to end the domination of powerful business interests and an uncaring Federal government. Before Big Oil it had been Big Fish, cannery owners who plundered the territory's salmon runs with fish traps as they im-

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LETTERS.

A WELL-REGULATED MILITIA

Pigeon Forge, Tenn.

It is ironic that your article bashing the N.R.A. and the one praising the A.C.L.U. appeared together in the April 3 issue of *The Nation*. I can only marvel at the distortion and misinformation you choose to heap on the N.R.A. and gun owners in general. In fact, it's one of the few times I've ever seen you appear less than fair to all parties.

First, let me set you straight on a few facts about myself. I'm not at all affiliated with the right wing. Yes, I'm a member of the N.R.A. (gasp!) I'm also a liberal and a member of the A.C.L.U. I also used to be a strong believer in your newspaper as an organ of truth but I have my doubts now. I feel personally insulted. I despise "gun nuts," but you seem to imply that all gun owners are maniacs, which is certainly not true.

Don't you see a certain similarity in the way George Bush attacked the A.C.L.U. and the way you attacked the N.R.A.? I know I do. Bush smugly suggested A.C.L.U. membership was somehow un-American and almost criminal. You do at least as much to the N.R.A. and gun owners. May I ask you what is gained by totally banning handguns, as you suggest? Do you not see a connection in the right to gun ownership and other rights we enjoy as citizens of what is supposedly the greatest democracy on earth? If certain rights are taken from us then you can be damned well sure others will also be taken. There are certain risks we must tolerate to have a truly free society. Would you next try to ban all alcohol products or automobiles, or try to make their manufacturers responsible for deaths caused by their use or misuse?

A nation totally disarmed might seem appealing at first thought, but when one thinks it through one realizes that a disarmed nation is also a nation more easily dominated and oppressed by its government. I ask you: Do you trust politicians like Bush, Quayle, Meese and their ilk enough to put your future totally in their hands? I don't.

Sure, assault weapons should be regulated. In my opinion they should be treated as handguns are treated now. Those are the only restrictions I can justify. Most criminals get their guns illegally anyway, so they're going to get them no matter what regulations exist. The law-abiding gun owner (and yes, they do exist!) would be the party penalized most.

The media and several politicians have largely created the assault-weapons issue and used it for maximum personal gain. I think there's evidence to support this claim if you look at all the facts. I acknowledge the N.R.A. is arrogant at times, just as any lobby (including the antigun lobby) is. They have to be or they wouldn't be effective. But let's not forget the N.R.A. sponsors gun education, training and safety courses as well.

By the way, I notice *The Nation* seems to support organizations like the I.R.A., the El Salvador rebels and other oppressed people in their fight for freedom. I wonder how long these rebels would fight without weapons, specifically guns. Think about it.

I hope I never have to use my weapons in self-defense, but I have the will and the knowledge to do it if need be. I'm not ashamed of that. My advice to you would be to climb down out of your ivory tower and live in the real world. It is truly sad to see one of the true "free" newspapers be taken in by such a nonissue. *Walter Henry*

FAR FROM THE UPPER WEST SIDE

Brooklyn

I was going to pass up comment on James Ledbetter's curious report on the state of the A.C.L.U. after the Bush smear ("The A.C.L.U. does most of its work behind the scenes . . .") [April 3], but Alvin Schreiber's letter in the April 24 issue prompts a response. Criticizing Michael Dukakis, Schreiber writes: "When Bush 'accused' him of being a card-carrying A.C.L.U. member I waited, expectantly, for what Dukakis would do with the fattest home-run pitch a candidate has ever received." Schreiber must be living in a fantasy world.

Granted, Dukakis's handling of this and similar attacks left a great deal to be desired. But it is ridiculous to think an A.C.L.U. connection isn't heavy baggage for a candidate running outside Berkeley, Cambridge or the Upper West Side of Manhattan. That's because in most of the country, the A.C.L.U. is unpopular. It's unpopular because while the Bill of Rights is supported in principle by almost everyone, its provisions are often invoked by the A.C.L.U. on behalf of dissidents and minorities. Sure, the A.C.L.U. has begun to do a better job of emphasizing the many issues it deals with that appeal to mainstream America. But if the A.C.L.U. disappeared tomorrow, Grandma in Peoria who wants to open up the Zoning Board meeting will probably find a *pro bono* lawyer. We most need the A.C.L.U. for (and a very smart public appropriately identifies it with) the gut-wrenching cases: hateful Nazis, despicable murderers on death row, kooky sects, sleazy pornographers, etc. Let's not kid ourselves that the daunting task of persuading most people that their rights are in the same boat as Ted Bundy's and Larry Flynt's is an easy thing to do—particularly in a presidential campaign in search of a majority.

Gara LaMarche

PRISON ON THE RIO GRANDE

Brownesville, Tex.

Nation readers should be aware that more than 5,000 Central American refugees are now detained (imprisoned) here in the Rio Grande Valley. The U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service is holding these refugees, and is deporting the Salvadorans, Guatemalans and Hondurans, though not the Nicaraguans.

All these refugees are fleeing the results of U.S. Central American policy, which has promoted war rather than self-sufficiency. More than 95 percent of the refugees have family and friends in other parts of the United States, yet the I.N.S. keeps them in steamy and crowded conditions, delaying or thwarting their hopes for a better life.

Congress should grant Extended Voluntary Departure status to Central American refugees, permitting them to stay in the United States until their lands are livable. This country can easily absorb 100,000 to 200,000 Central Americans a year for five to ten years. Isn't that the least the United States, which produced their misery, can do?

Eugene Novogrodsky

KABUL NOT KAPUT

Providence, R.I.

Barnett R. Rubin's February 27 article, "Afghanistan's Uncertain Fate," was incomplete in some aspects and puzzling in others. For most of the article he places considerable faith in the organizing capabilities of the resistance "commanders" and claims that they "have laid the foundations of new institutions in the Afghan countryside" by integrating peasants into new political structures and councils of elders. This could be the beginning of the construction of a federal system, he opines. Suddenly, however, he shifts gears and mentions "traditional blood feuds," a "battle for dominance," the fundamentalists' "bid to monopolize power," the "pull of tribe and kin." Finally, he admits that "Islamic politics will face its most severe test when it confronts not a foreign 'atheist' invader but the ancient rivalries of the mountains." Not very reassuring, is it?

In fact, Rubin's article is very typical of much of the scholarship and many of the journalistic accounts on Afghanistan that I have encountered in the three years I have been studying the subject. Most of the literature is astonishingly tendentious and one-sided, with an apparent refusal to consider the arguments and perspectives of the P.D.P.A. and the Afghan government. The latter's statements are dismissed or derided while whatever claims mujahedeen spokesmen make are dutifully recorded verbatim. Time and again, "Western diplomats" (invariably U.S. officials) are consulted on the situation in Kabul (why doesn't anyone check with the Indians, for example?) while only those U.N. and Soviet statements critical of the present Afghan government are presented. Finally, the vilification of the P.D.P.A. and deification of the mujahedeen make for bad scholarship and bad politics.

During a recent two-week visit to Kabul I spoke at length with dozens of ordinary

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EDITORIALS.

The Contratution

Give the pathetic Oliver North some credit. On the witness stand he told the truth—at least some of it. He admitted to lying to Congress, to destroying documents and to accepting an illegal gratuity. The jurors, no matter what they thought of North, could not disregard this and found him guilty on charges related to those acts. They also found him a credible witness regarding the general shape of the Iran/*contra* scandal—that is, that he was a foot soldier in a governmentwide campaign to circumvent the law. The jurors believed that North and his lawyers told the truth when they portrayed an elaborate conspiracy to sidestep the Boland amendment.

Compare North the truth-teller with George Bush the prevaricator. On the day the jury returned its verdict, Bush, in full Nixonian mode, declared, "The word of the President of the United States, George Bush, is there was no quid pro quo," referring to a March 1985 meeting he had with President Roberto Suazo Córdova of Honduras. But the Reagan Administration, according to memorandums released in the trial, had already decided to offer Honduras "enticements" for its continued support of the *contras*. Bush's denial

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related only to his tête-à-tête with Suazo—and it's quite likely that he did not explicitly discuss a horse trade then. But Bush also claimed that as far as he knew nobody in the government had engaged in any quid pro quo agreement, period. He is either lying or so out of touch that Dan Quayle should start reviewing the Twenty-fifth Amendment.

The extent to which Reagan, Bush et al. manipulated foreign relations worldwide in order to keep the *contras* armed is perhaps the most important remaining issue of the scandal. The existence of a Honduran quid pro quo—and there really is no other way to interpret the documents—has earned the most notice. But that was only one phase of the campaign. Other documents released at the trial reveal that there were quid pro quos involving El Salvador, Guatemala and Costa Rica as well. They also raise the possibility of secret agreements involving other countries that the United States enlisted in its covert war: Israel, Saudi Arabia, China, South Korea and Taiwan.

These agreements had implications for U.S. domestic policy. During the Iran/*contra* hearings in 1987, Representative Ed Jenkins noted that in October 1985, as the House was considering a textile bill that would have hurt Taiwan, North was asking that nation for money for the *contras*. The bill passed, and President Reagan vetoed it. "While I was fighting for this bill, unbeknownst to me one of the nations that was severely impacted was secretly giving millions of dollars to the executive branch that later vetoed the bill," Jenkins told Robert McFarlane, the former national security adviser. "That ought to be disturbing to me, don't you think?" McFarlane agreed.

Exactly how much of U.S. policy was put up for sale by the Reagan *contra*philes? And what was Bush's role in the sale? The trial evidence clearly shows the Vice President was not out of the loop. Special prosecutor Lawrence Walsh, who dropped the conspiracy charges against North, may now be able to pursue this wider theme in his case against John Poindexter. Scott Armstrong, executive director of the National Security Archive, notes that Walsh's mandate is not merely to prosecute but to restore public confidence. Walsh has the power to investigate the conspiracy behind the cover-up. He needs only the will.

The Democrats in Congress have wavered. Democratic leaders have called for the Senate and House Intelligence Committees to probe how the White House withheld from the Iran/*contra* committees certain documents—ones that, coincidentally, implicate Bush. But assigning this task to the Intelligence Committees would be sending it into a black hole. Democrats are right to wonder whether there was a White House cover-up. But the more significant matter concerns the poisoning of U.S. foreign policy.

Representative David Obey, who chairs the subcommittee that oversees foreign aid, is the only one making a big fuss, demanding information on the quid pro quos from Bush's State Department [see "Beltway Bandits," page 728]. But his anger is not reflected on the Senate side. Until this year, the chair of the Senate subcommittee corresponding to Obey's was Daniel Inouye, who also chaired the Senate Iran/*contra* committee. He has not displayed Obey's anger at being bamboozled by the Reaganauts. The Armed Services and foreign affairs committees in Congress could also claim jurisdiction. They haven't, and Congressional sources note that Obey's request faces opposition within his own subcommittee.

The House Judiciary Committee could mount the most serious response: an impeachment investigation. No law prohibits trying a sitting President for actions he committed when he was Vice President. Bush has the best impeachment insurance available, but even if Dan Quayle were replaced tomorrow by Abraham Lincoln, the Democrats would not likely consider an investigation even to *determine* if grounds for impeachment exist.

Nevertheless, Congress has plenty of other means to explore fully the corruption of U.S. international relations. What's missing is any strong desire to act as custodians of the Constitution. And that, after all, is what made it so easy for the Reagan-Bush team to make a mockery of the law.

A Hot Issue

The Bush Administration isn't talking much about the weather, but it *is* doing something about it: trying to keep it secret. That's the message of Dr. James Hansen, whose bearish testimony on global warming trends was altered and made to seem more optimistic by officials at the Office of Management and Budget. Hansen, director of the Goddard Institute for Space Studies, told a Senate subcommittee May 8 that his original report predicted that pollution from human activity presaged more drought for much of the world, accompanied by severe storms and other weather upheavals.

This is not news the Administration wants to hear, and well before Hansen blew his whistle on the O.M.B., officials at the Department of Agriculture were making rosy predictions about the summer to come. On February 19, U.S.D.A. chief meteorologist Norton Strommen met with White House agriculture specialist Cooper Evans and announced publicly that, for the most part, the searing drought that ruined farming in the United States last year was over.

A few weeks later Kansas, its red winter wheat crop already decimated by a record dry winter and a late-season cold snap, was socked by a dust storm of a severity not seen since before the Depression. The storm, with seventy-mile-per-hour winds, raised a cloud of topsoil two miles high and dumped it in a muddy downpour on Chicago a day later. By mid-March, Iowa was in the "extreme drought" category, according to the index of the National Climatic Data Center in Asheville, North Carolina.

Many non-Administration scientists—not to mention farmers—are persuaded that more hot weather is ahead. Paul Handler of Atlas Forecasts in Champaign, Illinois, says 1989 "will not be a good year. Grain stocks . . . will still be at a critical low point after the fall harvest."

That's where politics appears on the weather map. Last year's drought is estimated to have produced only a 0.2 percent uptick in the consumer price index, largely because the government raided surplus grain stores to keep prices down

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during an election year. Now those surpluses are essentially used up, and a poor harvest again this year could push food prices up dramatically, pulling the C.P.I. along with them and forcing the Federal Reserve to raise interest rates. Frank recognition of such a scenario would call into question the underlying economic projections of the Bush budget now being dissected on the Hill. On the other hand, if the premises of the President's budget were shown to be flawed only retrospectively and the problem could be blamed on the weather, the Administration wouldn't even have to unfurl an umbrella.

Playing this kind of politics with weather is bad enough, given that it encourages some farmers to make the wrong planting decisions, which could bankrupt them. But trying to put a gloss on scientific reports about the hazards of global warming suggests a new level of official cynicism.

DAVID LINDORFF

David Lindorff is a freelance writer who lives in upstate New York.

Brown Plus 35

Thirty-five years ago this month, the Supreme Court ruled unanimously that "in the field of public education the doctrine of 'separate but equal' has no place." In doing so, in the landmark case of *Brown v. Board of Education*, the Court reflected and encouraged a struggle against racism that continues on many fronts.

The Justices, led by Chief Justice Earl Warren, have rightly received considerable credit for *Brown*. They took a step that their counterparts in the legislative and executive branches were unable or unwilling to take. But others also played a vital role. Intellectuals such as Kenneth Clark, John Hope Franklin, Gunnar Myrdal and C. Vann Woodward helped debunk the many myths that had been used to justify Jim Crow. Lawyers such as Thurgood Marshall, Robert L. Carter, Spottswood Robinson and Jack Greenberg patiently and persuasively translated common-sense observation and humanitarian ideals into the language of Federal constitutional principle.

Then there were the named plaintiffs, particularly those in the Deep South who, by seeking to vindicate the constitutional rights of their children, exposed themselves and their families to all manner of retaliatory measures. Harry Briggs, for instance, was the named plaintiff in that part of *Brown* that challenged segregated public schooling in South Carolina. Because he refused to withdraw from the suit, he was fired from his job as a gas station attendant, and his wife, Liza, lost her work as a motel chambermaid.

In remembering the 1954 *Brown* decision, we should not be sentimental. The Court's written opinion is notably oblique when it comes to explaining precisely why it was unconstitutional for states to require or authorize educational authorities to send students to separate schools on the basis of race. In 1896, in his dissenting opinion in *Plessy v. Ferguson*, the case in which the Court upheld a state statute requiring segregation on railroads, Justice John Harlan candidly noted the stigmatizing purpose and destructive effects of Jim Crow. "What," he asked, "can more certainly arouse race hate, what more certainly create and perpetuate a feeling of distrust between these races, than state enactments which in fact proceed on the ground that colored citizens are so inferior and degraded that they cannot be allowed to sit in public coaches occupied by white citizens?"

By contrast, Chief Justice Warren wrote remarkably little in *Brown* about the ugly reality of the Jim Crow regime. This was not inadvertent; he sought to compose an opinion that he said was "non-rhetorical, unemotional and, above all, non-accusatory." The harsh truth is, however, that even as the Court invalidated one formal structure of white supremacy, it paid homage to the political power of racist sentiment by refusing to expose segregation's horrors.

The Court's evasiveness displayed itself in other ways as well. *Brown* expressly addressed only the constitutionality of de jure segregation in education; additional years of litigation, backed by mass protests, were required to broaden the Court's holding into a general ban against invidious racial distinctions imposed by government. In 1954, moreover, the Court ducked the remedial issues posed even by its narrow holding. A year later, in *Brown II*, the Justices required the defendant school authorities to "make a prompt and reasonable start toward full compliance" with its earlier ruling but also indicated a willingness to compromise, which many recalcitrant school officials exploited to the hilt.

For a decade and a half after *Brown*, the decision was mocked in many communities by not-so-subtle subterfuges and outright resistance. Furthermore, at present, the racial situation in public schools in every region of the nation reveals ways in which the de jure segregation invalidated by *Brown* has, to a large extent, been replicated by public authorities and private citizens. Chief Justice Warren maintained that "separate educational facilities are inherently unequal." Yet in some areas, particularly in the Northeast, the degree of racial separation in the schools is greater than in 1954.

And, of course, in the past twenty years the Burger-Rehnquist Court has narrowed concepts of constitutional equality and has lowered expectations regarding what we might hope to accomplish by appeals to the Federal judiciary. To obtain relief under the Fourteenth Amendment, one must show that public authorities *intentionally* set out to harm plaintiffs on account of race. In the face of that inordinately restrictive standard it should come as no surprise that the Constitution has largely been nullified as an instrument with which to attack racially inequitable policies. To address this failure, progressives should reconsider ways of understanding "equal protection" and answering the objections that conservatives have made against giving that part of the Constitution a more capacious interpretation.

RANDALL KENNEDY

Randall Kennedy is an assistant professor at Harvard Law School.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Soaking It Up

These days, when people round the country ask me what I think about the Christic Institute, I piss on it just a little harder than I used to. Christic's notion of a "secret team" perverting some honorable course of U.S. foreign policy has always struck me as silly. It speaks to the old populist mania about a cabal running the show: freemasons, bankers, Jews, the Trilateralists, the Council on Foreign Relations, Bilderbergers, the Bohemian Grove. All these and more, depending on whether left- or right-wing populists are reading the tea leaves, have formed part of the conspiratorialists' bestiary. The Christic Institute has stirred these emotions expertly, with the added advantage that part of what they have been saying is true.

But what irks me most is that whatever ups and downs—now mostly downs—in its fortunes, the Christic Institute trundles along with undiminished energy in the activity at which it has without doubt been most successful: namely, raising money for itself. Indeed, if its courtroom presentations had been as efficient as its fund-raising, Singlaub and the others would have been discomfited long ago. Now at least some of the funds being raised are destined to pay the legal bills of Singlaub and the others.

Meanwhile, there are important campaigns, magazines and information centers on the left dying for the want of a few hundred or thousand dollars. Many times have I heard people from such outfits say with exasperation and understandable envy that Christic has soaked up a large quantity of the finite amount of cash that all the usual bankrollers of good causes are prepared to dish out.

Which Causes? You Ask

As a writer I naturally think of magazines as particularly good causes, since some of them publish my work, compensating me financially in the process. I say this to save some wit 25 cents as he rushes to the postbox with a letter to *The Nation* pointing this out. As a matter of fact I have not as yet contributed to *Shmate*, self-styled quarterly "journal of progressive Jewish thought," because its editor and publisher, Steve Fankuchen, hasn't thought to ask me. But let me tell you, *Shmate* is good stuff. It's funny, serious and left at the same time, a balance I had previously regarded as the exclusive preserve of a paper I do write for, the *Anderson Valley Advertiser*, and its editor, Bruce Anderson, now thankfully released from the harsh regimen of the Mendocino County Jail (annual subscription $27 to *AVA*, Box 459, Boonville, CA 95415, for the greatest weekly paper in America).

In the spring issue of *Shmate* there is not only a searching interview with sex film actress Nina Hartley (Red-diaper baby, star of some 170 jizz-flecked wankfests, feminist socialist) but also some bracing disclosures by Noam Chomsky about the intellectual seediness of Alan Dershowitz, articles about the revolutionary Henri Curiel and the Pollard case, and an interview with the late Daniel Shocket, with interpolations from the typesetter. Fankuchen says of these interpolations, "I decided to leave them in, identified as such. It's not that I'm advocating the excesses of the Chinese Cultural Revolution's collective approach to creativity. It's just that I believe all participants in this magazine should be able to get their two cents in, at least once in a while."

In the Hartley interview with Sheldon Ranz there's one particularly entertaining exchange:

> RANZ: As a socialist porn star, have you ever thought of making progressive X-rated films, ones that would imbue certain left-wing ideas with sex appeal?
> HARTLEY: I'd love to. The most romantic story of all is Che and Tanya. I often think, "Golly! I'd like to do a movie about them."
> RANZ: Tanya was Jewish, by the way.
> HARTLEY: I didn't know that. Well, that makes sense!

The sad fact is that *Shmate* is badly frayed financially. Send money and take out a sub, $15 for a year, Box 4228, Berkeley, CA 94704. Much better, send $25 for two years.

Has He No Shame?

Nation subscribers are getting a mailshot from *Zeta* just about now, and let me put in a very strong word for this monthly too. It needs your money, and not just because I write for it. For a reason I can't fathom, *Zeta* has been given the cold shoulder by virtually all the usual disbursers, including those mushing thousands to Christic. If there's going to be any larger left movement in this country, there will have to be one, two, three, many *Zeta*s around in which ideas can be discussed, history relayed, politics explored. I know the constituency is there. Over the past few months I've interviewed the economist Jim O'Connor about capitalism, socialism and ecology. Jim's Marxist approach (reflected in his own excellent publication, *Capitalism, Nature, Socialism*, $15 for the first three issues, from Box 8467, Santa Cruz, CA 95061) has riled up one of *Zeta*'s editors, Mike Albert, and a debate has raged. At the same meetings round the country where one lot of people asks me about Christic, another lot asks me how I think the tussle is going. (Actually the keenest interest has been taken in the matter, explored by O'Connor, of whether virtuous recycling of newspapers in fact aids in the process of capital accumulation, hence devastation of the environment.)

But unless you and your friends subscribe and send transfusions of cash ($24 for one year to 150 West Canton Street, Boston, MA 02118), *Zeta* is going to be trembling in some very harsh financial winds.

The Bottom Line

The world is changing before our eyes. Can we keep up? It helps to have magazines that discuss the problems in a language we can share. Forty years ago Paul Sweezy and Leo Huberman started up *Monthly Review*, about to celebrate, on May 25, the anniversary of four vital decades of thinking about the important issues. Buy tickets to the big event

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(212-691-2555) or just send them a huge check. (A year's subscription is $22, 122 West 27th Street, New York, NY 10001.) I called on Sweezy and his co-editor, Harry Magdoff, a couple of weeks ago.

AC: *Here we are, forty years on. How much need do you see for reformulation of socialist ideals?*

SWEEZY: When we started, we put special stress on social ownership of the means of production and planning. I still think these are crucial to a socialist course of development. It doesn't have to be all state ownership. You can have cooperative ownership of small individual enterprises. You don't have to plan everything. You do have to plan the basic direction in which the economy is going. But socialist ownership is precisely what's under most stress not only in Hungary and Yugoslavia but also in China, where things have gone farthest on a course that will be hard to change. They are already getting into deep crisis. And as Hinton said in our March issue, there has never been such a rape of the environment as is now going on in China. It's horrifying. Say what you like about Mao, under him the Chinese invested time, labor and brains into an infrastructure that was environmentally positive. Now it's all being thrown away, distributed to individuals to eat up as fast as they can. Look at the deforestation.

AC: *Are Soviet economists formulating the problems in the right or the wrong way?*

MAGDOFF: I don't think they are confronting the fundamental issue of what is the purpose of socialism. You've got one sector—the bureaucrats—which wants a Stalinist command system; another which wants another kind of command system plus the market; then technocrats who want democracy plus the market; then the workers who want planning and democracy. The economists see it as a technical problem.

SWEEZY: The Soviets still sometimes talk about keeping to a socialist course, but they say other things too. One high-up said that the problem of the Third World countries is not capitalism but the lack of it. When I read that, I have very grave doubts about what to believe.

MAGDOFF: But this is the sort of thing that gets translated; we haven't heard from the workers. Back in 1949, at the founding of *Monthly Review*, Paul and Leo said, We've got to talk about the socialist idea. Now again we have to explore fundamental socialist ideals. You cannot create a decent society with emphasis on growth alone. The question is, What kind of growth? For what purpose? We have to go back to the basic principles of socialism, out of which Marx and Engels grew: utopian socialism.

SWEEZY: Socialism is now perceived by most people who call themselves socialists as removing the worst excesses of capitalism. That's understandable, but totally wrong in the sense that what is needed is the negation of capitalism, not the removal of its excesses. Excrescences and excesses are not the essence of environmental degradation here. It's the system itself. You have to have people in charge who care about things other than making profits; and the people implementing the policies have to care too.

MAGDOFF: Which means economic, political and cultural revolution.

SWEEZY: Mao had the right ideas. Probably it was impossible to carry them out.

AC: *How do you think Mao looks these days?*

SWEEZY: I think he looks great.

AC: *You don't think he destroyed the party with the Cultural Revolution?*

SWEEZY: He probably destroyed the party because he had to, because it was a lousy party.

MAGDOFF: There *was* a capitalist road!

AC: *That's true. How do you think Fidel looks?*

SWEEZY: I don't know. I haven't followed too closely. I sympathize deeply with him for standing for what he believes. He's headstrong and he's made a lot of mistakes, flew in the face of common sense. But what the hell, that's probably the way human history has to go anyway.

AC: *Why do you think Mao looks so good?*

SWEEZY: Because he said the kind of things—believed them and really inspired people to believe them—which have to be done to have a decent society. "Serve the people." "Public service, not private gain." Marx, if he had come back alive, would have said Mao's his boy. . . . I haven't seen anything in Marx that isn't good. I think he's got better and better, I really do. Mao is the only real Marxist at the leadership level in the post-Marx period.

AC: *Leaving Vladimir Ilyich out of this, are we?*

SWEEZY: Well, his problems were so different. I think that if he'd lived he might have become a Maoist, in the sense of attacking the party and bombarding the party headquarters out of necessity to change the whole thing around.

MAGDOFF: Mao challenged the idea that economic planning would dissolve conflicts of interest among the people. He saw it more dialectically: conflicts between intellectuals and manual workers, between the city and the countryside, stratification in the party and society. He said it was necessary to struggle to overcome these differences, whether it takes 100 or 500 years. But now within the framework of socialism—which is really social welfare in a social democratic framework—all they want to do is get the kind of economic growth of the capitalist world. It can't be done. It creates the same kind of problems as in the capitalist world. If we had a revolution here, in this rich country, we'd have to change our whole way of life.

AC: *Can the Third World debt problem be solved in any kind of procedural way, without major upheaval?*

MAGDOFF: Brazil's the biggest debtor. You can't solve Brazil's problems without land reform, taking over the land. For that you'd have to have social revolution. You'd organize to feed the people, then you'd repudiate the debt.

SWEEZY: That would precipitate a crisis everywhere. Let's face it. It ain't going to be no democratic tea party.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN AND JEFFERSON MORLEY

■ Mr. Jackson's Laboratory for Democracy

Friend and foe alike are excited by the prospect of Jesse Jackson becoming Mayor of Washington. His foes (and some friends) are eager to see Jackson removed from the 1992 presidential race. His friends (and some foes) are eager to see Jackson try to put his progressive politics into practice. The people most opposed are local politicos worried about being swept aside. Mayor Jackson could win them all over by making Washington a laboratory for democracy, Rainbow Coalition–style.

Jackson has the stature to call in experienced progressives throughout the country to advise the D.C. government. He could, for example, ask an activist academic like Frances Fox Piven to propose a plan for overhauling the scandal-ridden Department of Human Services. On the other hand he could also approach Robert Woodson, an outspoken Reagan conservative with interesting ideas about black empowerment, to discuss upgrading city housing projects. Jackson could convene a summit of socially responsible black entrepreneurs for ideas—and money. He could even have his own foreign policy, refusing to send the D.C. National Guard to Central America. Jackson will need a technocrat with vision as deputy mayor to orchestrate all this, someone like Franklin Thomas, the president of the Ford Foundation. The nation's capital—locally and nationally—is witnessing a collapse of democratic leadership. For Jackson the future is here and now.

■ Son of S.2 Meets Foley

One of the most bitter fights in the Senate last year occurred over S.2, a campaign reform measure that called for spending limits and public financing of Senate elections. Led by Robert Dole, the Republicans successfully filibustered the bill eight times. The Democrats have returned with S.137, which would place a cap on the total PAC funds a candidate could accept, limit overall spending and prohibit a candidate from using more than $20,000 of his or her personal money. Gone is the provision for general public financing. The new bill calls instead for Federal support of a campaign only if an opponent violates the spending ceiling. The candidate honoring the limits would then receive public funds to meet the opposition's excesses.

Although it goes a long way toward addressing the problem of special interest campaign financing, the proposed reform would still provide opportunities for abuse. Consider the case of Thomas Foley. The House majority leader held a breakfast party on March 15, 1988. Present, either physically or spiritually, were forty-one executives of the securities firm Salomon Brothers, including ex-Reaganaut David Stockman. Each contributed $500 toward the Democrat's re-election. With subsequent contributions the effort netted at least $28,000 of Salomon-tinted funds for Foley, who has not been active on securities-related issues but is the likely replacement for the wounded House Speaker, Jim Wright.

Under current law as well as the proposed reform, a business can give a candidate no more than $5,000 per election through a PAC. Without resorting to much ingenuity, corporations and other interests could do as Salomon Brothers and break through that ceiling. As one former Democratic fund-raiser explained the modus operandi, "Usually an influential executive sends out a request to fellow company officials inviting them to a fund-raiser. It's really hard—and perhaps detrimental to their careers—for these guys to say no."

The antidote to such private interest scheming is public financing of elections, the very thought of which drives most G.O.P.'ers apoplectic. The Democrats reckoned that their only chance of avoiding a filibuster and winning some reform lay in deep-sixing the provision—which must be good news to the civic-minded Salomon Brothers of the world.

■ The Ghost of Sam Ervin

Finally a Democrat in Congress is showing some backbone. Most of them still possess a let's-get-this-over-with approach to the Iran/*contra* scandal. Lee Hamilton, chair of the House Iran/*contra* committee, sighs, "I don't think there is any broad interest" in Congress in reopening the issue. So it's refreshing to see Representative David Obey of Wisconsin, head of the subcommittee on foreign operations, threaten to hold up more than $700 million in foreign aid to Central America until the Bush Administration answers questions remaining about the quid pro quo deals arranged by its predecessor. Obey says some of his comrades told him to drop the subject "because the public is tired of it." His rejoinder was in the style of the hero of the Watergate investigation: "I didn't swear to uphold the Constitution until I got tired."

■ C.O.D. for Exxon

It took more than a month for the environmental community to get around to calling for a boycott of Exxon, the Donald Trump of oceanic polluters. And now several of the more mainstream environmental groups are conspicuously absent from the Boycott Exxon coalition, which includes the League of Conservation Voters, Citizen Action, Friends of the Earth, Environmental Policy Institute and Ralph Nader. The coalition members have presented a list of demands: that Exxon bear the full cost of the calamity; that it not claim cleanup costs as tax deductions; that it roll back its post-spill gas price hikes; and that it pay $1 billion a year for five years into an environmental protection trust fund for Alaska and other states in which it operates. The environmental groups are hoping the radio talk show hosts who joined Nader in nixing the Congressional pay raise will lend their mouths to the cause.

A reader in California recommends a more direct approach: Mail a dead fish to Chairman Lawrence Rawl, Exxon, 1251 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. Postage runs about 20 cents per ounce of fish. The anonymous Abbie-esque subversive suggested asking your local fish market to post Rawl's address. It will help sell more fish.

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ARTICLES.

LETTER FROM MOSCOW

The Young Fight For the 'Three Ds'

KATRINA VANDEN HEUVEL

Four years of Mikhail Gorbachev's *perestroika* have shaken up many Soviet political institutions, even some once thought to be immune to change. While Western attention has focused on the unprecedented proliferation of "informal" organizations of young people around the Soviet Union, remarkable changes have been under way in the 40-million-member Young Communist League, or Komsomol, the Communist Party's junior and long-compliant counterpart—and training ground for many party leaders, including Gorbachev himself. Ever since the Stalin era, Komsomol membership, officially for young people between the ages of 14 and 28, has been virtually essential for access to higher education and for career success.

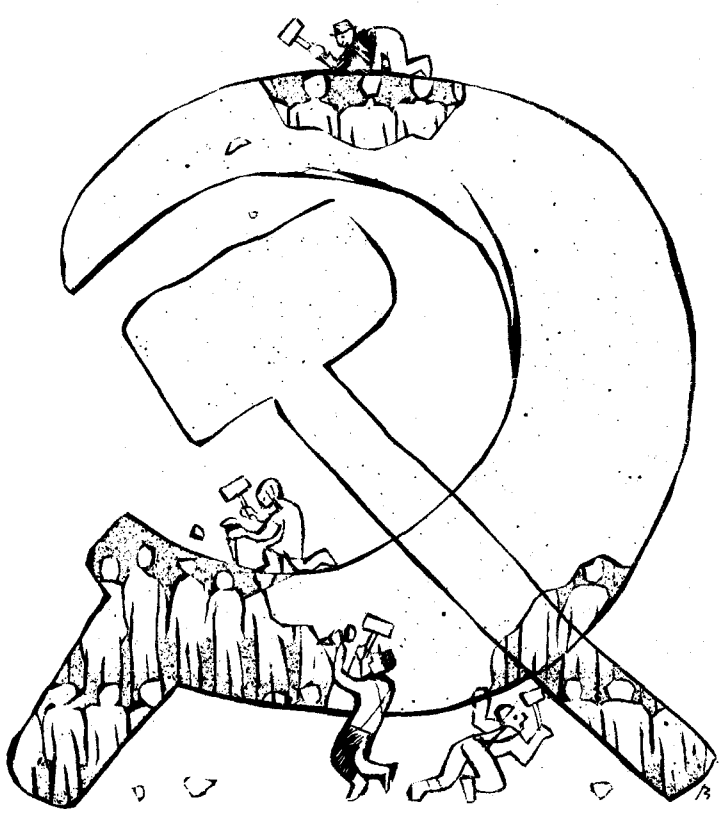
As a result of *glasnost*, party and Komsomol leaders now acknowledge that the organization is "in crisis." Run for decades by middle-aged bureaucrats, riddled with rank-and-file apathy and cynicism and faced with competition for the first time from independent political clubs, the Komsomol has lost 6.5 million members since 1984. "What can you expect?" a member wrote last month in *The Young Communist*. "The organization has been a truncheon, not an organizer and defender of young peoples' interests." The Youth Party's once-concealed problems are now being exposed in films, plays, newspaper articles and a torrent of letters to once-bland Komsomol publications. They feature angry, often sensational attacks on the organization's bureaucracy and even public resignations, never allowed in the past, like one recently published under the title "Why I Left the Komsomol." A new film not yet released, *An Extraordinary Event at the District Level*, powerfully portrays political corruption, cynicism and personal degradation among Leningrad Komsomol leaders, implying that those are nationwide phenomena.

But Gorbachev's calls for the "democratization" of the Soviet system have also inspired a growing wave of Komsomol insurgencies from below. As is clear from interviews with about two dozen activists and from a visit to a provincial industrial city, many local leaders as well as rank-and-file members are struggling to transform the Komsomol into a vital independent organization.

Last October, for example, fifty Komsomol members from across the country, most of them university students, formed an unprecedented "Democratic Fraction." They named their group deliberately and provocatively: "Fractions" have been officially banned in the Communist Party for sixty-eight years. At their first meeting in Moscow, Fraction members called for the convening of a national Komsomol Congress to elect a new leadership and enact radical changes in the league's statutes. They also demanded sweeping cuts in the Komsomol apparatus, democratic multicandidate elections inside the organization and free "pluralistic" interaction with independent political clubs. Thus far, top Komsomol leaders have tolerated the Fraction but relations remain tense. According to one Fraction member, "They act like friends while waiting to stab us in the back."

Even more remarkable, three months later, thirty Komsomol leaders from twenty-nine cities gathered in the Siberian town of Surgut and adopted a program virtually the same as that of the Democratic Fraction. What made this group's demands so startling was that they came from "future leaders of the party," as Andrei Pankratov, a correspondent for *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, put it. "We didn't expect much from this gang. Then all of a sudden they released this platform which revealed how serious they were about transforming and limiting the Komsomol's power." At a press conference, another Soviet correspondent asked participants if their real purpose was to form an alternative Komsomol. Sergei Yarin, Komsomol district secretary in Kazan, denied this. "All of us here are Komsomol members, but there are different groups inside the Komsomol and our last chance to save it is to strengthen those forces inside the organization fighting for reform, working for the people, not the apparatchiks."

Ultimately, that struggle for political reform, indeed the fate of *perestroika* in general, will be decided in the



DRAWINGS BY LISA BLACKSHEAR

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provinces, where the great majority of the population lives. Most Western reports suggest that there is little support for *perestroika* outside Moscow. Four days of talks in April with Komsomol leaders in Naberezhny Chelny, 600 miles east of Moscow, indicate otherwise. Indeed, *perestroika* began in that Komsomol group several years before Gorbachev came to power.

Renamed in honor of Leonid Brezhnev in 1982 and restored to its original name in 1988, Naberezhny Chelny is one of those new industrial cities scattered across the Soviet Union whose bleak landscape consists of little more than square and rectangular prefabricated apartment complexes. The city was built on the Kama River to service the gigantic Kamaz truck factory; a few wooden huts are all that remain of the Tatar village that stood there 600 years ago. The average age of the city's 500,000 residents is 26; a third of them work in the factory's sprawling complex, which includes everything from steel foundries to final assembly lines. Because the populace is so young, and because the regional party boss sits 150 miles away, in Kazan, the Komsomol organization is an important force in Naberezhny Chelny's political life.

In 1982, Valery Pisigin and Aleksei Kalachev, then 25-year-old lathe operators in the city's electric utilities plant, started a maverick club within the Komsomol based on a team of about twenty-five people. They began holding weekly meetings with factory workers and students interested in the party's true political history, which was still forbidden. Pisigin, a curly-maned enthusiast who resembles the young Bob Dylan and spices his speeches with quotes from Vladimir Lenin and John Lennon, was also running a rock-and-roll club in the Kamaz Palace of Culture. The Communist Party bureaucracy tolerated the two unorthodox clubs, according to Pisigin, because "this city is a frontier town, built in the early 1960s, and thus has no really entrenched party bureaucracy. . . . We were clever. We used the existing structure to do what we wanted to do."

What they wanted to do was openly rethink the whole nature of Soviet socialism, an exceedingly risky undertaking during those pre-*perestroika* years of repressive rule. "We had used the word socialism for so long," Kalachev says, "but we never asked ourselves what it really means or if it really exists here." Encouraged by an older sympathetic economist attached to the Kamaz factory, the Komsomol activists managed to obtain forbidden publications from closed library and private collections, as well as *samizdat* materials. Their search for a different model of Soviet socialism led them to Nikolai Bukharin, the leading defender of the more liberal and market-based New Economic Policy of the 1920s who was shot by Stalin in 1938 as an "enemy of the people."

In Bukharin's writings, and in rereading Lenin, Pisigin and his comrades found inspiration for what is now their basic conception of socialism: social pluralism, an economy in which the market plays an important role, and some kind of political democracy in the Communist Party, Komsomol and the local soviets. After 1985 they had no reason to be reticent about their thinking. Their conceptions were almost identical to what Gorbachev called *perestroika.* In 1987, Pisigin's Komsomol group, then numbering about 300 members, renamed itself the Bukharin Political Club and petitioned General Secretary Gorbachev and the Central Committee for Bukharin's rehabilitation more than a year before it finally happened. Since then, the club has turned Naberezhny Chelny into the site of a constant celebration of Bukharin's role in Soviet history, featuring conferences, seminars, exhibits and an array of speakers, including Bukharin's widow and his American biographer.

The single most important lesson Pisigin's group took from Bukharin was that a socialist economy must include a large sector of free-market cooperatives. The development of such businesses is also a central feature of Gorbachev's program. But in the state-run Soviet system, where any kind of private enterprise has been anathema for sixty years, cooperatives are widely opposed by many local authorities and large segments of the populace. According to Pisigin, a real cooperative enterprise, a kind of socialist limited partnership, is a form of property separate from the state and provides goods and services alternative to those offered by state monopolies.

Cooperatives pave "the road to a civil society independent of the state," Pisigin argues. "A person who works in a cooperative is no longer a slave of the state." Mass meetings and elections, he insists, will not lead to real democratization unless they are accompanied by a flourishing cooperative economy. He acknowledges that many cooperative entrepreneurs—in January 1989 there were 77,548 such undertakings in the country—are in business only for personal enrichment, but collectively they are promoting what Pisigin calls the "three Ds"—democratization, decentralization and "destatization."

These convictions have produced an unusual alliance. Last August, under the auspices of the Bukharin Club, cooperative businessmen gathered in Naberezhny Chelny to organize an Interregional Cooperative Federation. Pisigin, who was elected the federation's president, wants the Bukharin Club, its affiliates in other cities and similar organizations to provide the cooperative movement with political protection and ideological legitimacy. This has

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made for some odd bedfellows. Pisigin and his followers are supporting, for example, 52-year-old Leonid Onushko's efforts to open a cooperative bank in Naberezhny Chelny and to unite with about forty similar ventures around the Soviet Union. Onushko estimates that the cooperative banks' pooled resources would be 50 million rubles. He and Pisigin reason that since the state bank monopoly is denying the cooperatives credit, a cooperative banking system is the only hope. Pisigin is often in Moscow trying to persuade new political organizations such as the anti-Stalinist Memorial Society to deposit their assets in these fledgling banks.

The Bukharin Club's influence is not limited to empowering the cooperative movement. During the past seven years, it has virtually taken over Naberezhny Chelny's Komsomol organization. One club member, Farid Basharov, is the city's first secretary and also sits on the even more powerful city party committee. Another club member, Ramil Salikov, who participated in the Surgut meeting, is one of the city's two Komsomol district leaders. Still another Bukharinist heads the Kamaz factory trade-union committee, while a club colleague presides over its 35,000-member Komsomol organization. Meanwhile, Pisigin's team of Komsomol officials is starting its own cooperative enterprises, including the manufacturing of music videos. And earlier this year the club organized a "free university," holding weekly seminars on political economy, history and philosophy and attracting large audiences. Its flurry of political and economic activity is conducted with tremendous gusto and a dash of fraternity-like antics. Nevertheless, the club's activities have been so successful that even a *Pravda* editorial last year praised Pisigin and the Bukharin Club as examples of revitalization in the Komsomol.

All these efforts to change the Komsomol have even larger implications for the Soviet system. Their ultimate direction and often acknowledged purpose is to transform and democratize the ruling Communist Party itself. Again, however Herculean this task may seem, it is Gorbachev's stated purpose too. In fact, developments analogous to those in the Komsomol are already under way inside the party. A group of Moscow party members with close ties to the Democratic Fraction, for example, formed their own movement called the Interclub Party Group. Its calls for the democratization of the Communist Party are virtually identical with the Fraction's demand for a new kind of Komsomol. Moreover, as was made clear by the publication of Central Committee speeches on April 27—the first time that had ever been done—a debate over the possibility is now raging at the highest levels.

Gorbachev's political reforms have already confounded Western skeptics, as in the elections to the new Congress of People's Deputies, which will meet for the first time on May 25. But any kind of real national democracy seems unlikely unless the still dominant Communist Party undergoes a similar process of change. The Komsomol movement from below may be only an island in a sea of authoritarianism, but it already exceeds anything imaginable four years ago. □

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KEEPING REACTORS SHUT

Elementary, My Dear Watkins

MINARD HAMILTON

The U.S. production plants for plutonium and tritium, the key ingredients of nuclear bombs, are now silent. Built during a crash program in the 1950s, they are too antiquated to operate and need a massive overhaul. Cost estimates for "modernizing" the entire nuclear weapons production complex of seventeen facilities—stretching from Hanford, Washington, to Savannah River, South Carolina—run up to $250 billion. This price tag covers building new plants, repairing old ones and cleaning up literally hundreds of square miles polluted by radioactive and toxic wastes. The staggering bill hits a Congress already jittery over a $146 billion budget deficit.

The collapse of the nuclear production complex dovetails with the dramatic new disarmament initiatives by Soviet General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev. On April 7, Gorbachev announced that his government would shut down two plutonium-producing reactors by 1991. A U.S. step in the same direction is expected soon when Senator Edward Kennedy and Dante Fascell, chair of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, introduce the International Plutonium Control Act. This bill would make funding for the start or restart of plutonium production contingent upon certification by the President that the Soviet Union has "refused to negotiate" on a verifiable agreement for both countries to end the production of plutonium.

Clearly, this is the appropriate moment for the peace and environmental communities to seize the initiative and ask hard questions about the economic and environmental price of nuclear deterrence. It is the moment to press for a peace agenda linking nuclear disarmament with ending the production of tritium and plutonium. The International Plutonium Control Act is a highly significant first step and will be one of the most important arms control bills before Congress in 1989, but as yet there are no legislative initiatives on cutting off the tritium supply or on the permanent shutdown of the crippled facilities. These omissions reflect disagreements within the public interest community, which is split over whether to support continued production of tritium. Moreover, a tension also exists over which should have priority: shutdown of the nuclear weapons plants or cleanup of the radioactive mess that decades of negligence by the Department of Energy and private contractors have produced.

Minard Hamilton is a former director of the Radioactive Waste Campaign and one of the authors of Deadly Defense *(Radioactive Waste Campaign), a study of radioactive contamination at the nation's nuclear weapons production facilities.*

Greenpeace and Sane/Freeze are the only two national peace organizations that have taken an unequivocal stand in Washington against restarting the tritium-producing reactors in Savannah River. They also oppose reopening the decrepit D.O.E. plants elsewhere. William Sloane Coffin, president of Sane/Freeze, says, "Let's keep everything shut."

The case against the Savannah River reactors hardly seems debatable. They are nearly forty years old and have been closed for repairs since early 1988. Dangerous accidents, some involving released radioactivity, have been kept secret for thirty-one years. Congressional hearings last fall revealed that the reactors repeatedly overheated and produced unsafe power surges, control-rod failures and at least one fuel assembly meltdown like that at Three Mile Island in 1979. Furthermore, radioactive waste from the reactors is dumped into unlined ponds that leak into nearby streams and aquifers.

Opposition to restarting the aged tritium reactors is not more vigorous in part because the need for tritium has become what Paul Leventhal, president of the Nuclear Control Institute, calls "a shibboleth" no one is willing to challenge. On Capitol Hill and in the media the pro-nuclear forces argue that tritium is vital, as it boosts the power and greatly reduces the volume and weight of a bomb. But unlike plutonium or highly enriched uranium, tritium decays rapidly, at a rate of 5.5 percent per year, and must be replenished in warheads once every four to six years. Nuclear partisans thus contend that if no more tritium is produced, an automatic disarmament clock starts ticking. To oppose tritium production is therefore to support unilateral nuclear disarmament.

In a recent briefing sheet, Greenpeace argues that the United States has been "unilaterally reducing the nuclear arsenal for over two decades." As a result of the retirement of such weapons systems as the Titan II intercontinental ballistic missile and the Polaris missiles and submarines between 1967 and 1988, the number of warheads in the U.S. arsenal dropped from 32,500 to 23,000. And newly announced cuts of approximately 1,100 of the Navy's short-range nuclear rockets will unilaterally diminish the arsenal further. Despite these reductions, says Damon Moglen, coordinator of the Greenpeace Military Nuclear Fuel Cycle Campaign, the debate needs to be rephrased. "The bottom line is not the number of our nuclear weapons," he says, "it is the health of the people of this country, as well as other countries, and the health of the environment."

Others in the Washington peace and environmental communities are more cautious. Groups such as the Environmental Policy Institute, the Natural Resources Defense Council and the Federation of American Scientists are concerned that concentrating on tritium could adversely affect other disarmament legislative agendas. The Bush Administration is pushing aggressively not only for restarting the Savannah River reactors but for new construction: its 1990 budget seeks $215 million to that end, which includes funds for two production reactors, one at Savannah River and the other at the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory. In addition, the Administration wants a special isotope separa-

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tion plant that would use lasers to purify plutonium. "We've got to choose our battles," says Jim Beard of the Environmental Policy Institute, which feels it may be politically realistic to oppose just one of the new production reactors.

A coalition of a dozen groups, including the Council for a Livable World, Public Citizen and Physicians for Social Responsibility, has begun to chip away at some of the assumptions driving the tritium scare. In a February 21 letter to the chairs of the House and Senate Armed Services Committees, the groups called for an independent review of the present need for tritium and asked such questions as how that need will be affected "in the event of continued cuts in the nuclear arsenals of the two superpowers."

The Nuclear Control Institute's Leventhal takes the question further, and asks, Why *not* let the disarmament clock start ticking? "It's a golden opportunity," he says. Leventhal adds that there are few risks because additional tritium, if needed, could be obtained by accelerating the already scheduled retirement of Poseidon submarines and from the estimated 500 warheads being phased out under terms of the intermediate-range nuclear forces treaty. Tritium also can be removed from the jet-carried bombs being replaced by cruise missiles. Even more tritium could be made available from weapons eliminated under the Start treaty, if it is ever fully implemented. And the existing tritium supply can be extended further by various technical fixes, such as putting less into each nuclear bomb and by increasing the frequency of the replenishment schedules. These techniques could stretch out the tritium supply up to ten years.

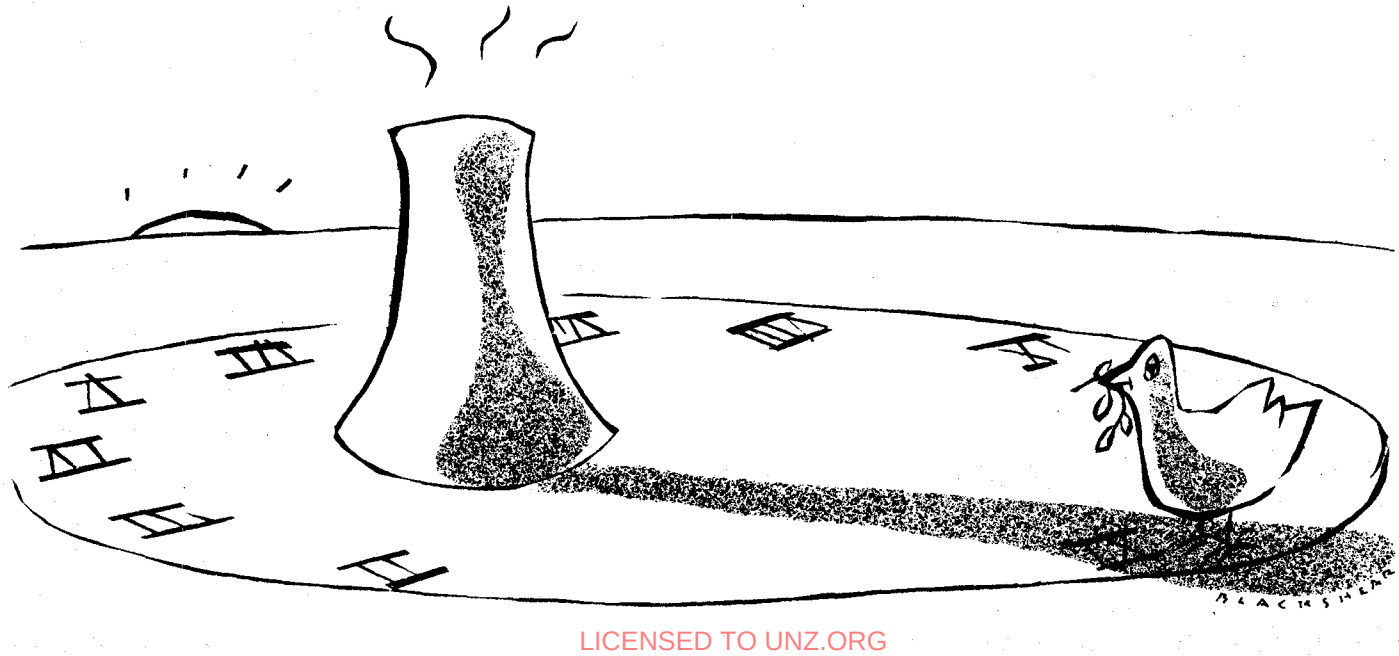
Even if no tritium is borrowed from new sources, the size of the consequent "forced" reductions would be minimal—approximately 1,300 nuclear weapons in the first year. Given the current U.S. stockpile of 23,000 warheads, at this pace the country would only be down to 17,353 warheads in five years, a sluggish rate of weapons reduction by many disarmament standards. The Federation of American Scientists, for example, wants a 90 percent cut in the U.S. nuclear arsenal.

Some leaders in the arms control community worry that the tritium factor could cloud Congressional debate on the International Plutonium Control Act. This act is described by David Albright, senior scientist at the Federation of American Scientists, as "using the power of the purse to encourage the Soviets and the U.S. to stop the production of plutonium." The legislation is the product of several years of delicate negotiations by a group of peace and environmental organizations known as the Plutonium Challenge. Two years ago the Challenge called upon President Reagan to declare an immediate two-year moratorium on the further production of plutonium in order to prompt the Soviet Union to negotiate a bilateral, verifiable cutoff of the production of plutonium and highly enriched uranium. Reagan rejected the proposal.

Initially, the idea of a plutonium moratorium seemed radical. But early last year the Department of Energy admitted that the United States is "awash" in the stuff. According to the Federation of American Scientists, the nation has approximately eighty tons of plutonium in nuclear weapons, ten tons in scrap and five to ten tons in the processing pipeline—enough, by most estimates, to last until the mid-to-late 1990s. Moreover, adds the Federation of American Scientists, "If the United States and the Soviet Union achieve a Start treaty and agree to further reduce their ballistic missile warheads by 50 percent, the United States would have no justification to produce any more plutonium."

The plutonium cutoff no longer seems impossible. The number of groups supporting the Challenge now exceeds fifteen, including the Natural Resources Defense Council, the Union of Concerned Scientists and the Federation of American Scientists. The effort also has a widening circle of friends on Capitol Hill. Besides Kennedy and Fascell, dozens of other members of Congress have signed on, including Senators Alan Cranston and Timothy Wirth and Representatives Mo Udall, Ron Wyden and Tom Tauke. David Culp, coordinator of the Plutonium Challenge, thinks the legislation has a good chance of passing in the House. In the Senate, however, its fate is more uncertain.

Given the anticipated hostility from conservative quar-



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ters, some groups are reluctant to add tritium to the debate. To do so "is not sound technically or politically," says Albright. He says a bilateral tritium cutoff "is not realistic in the short run. It would require stringent on-site inspections at over forty civilian reactors in the Soviet Union." In addition, since there is only a tiny amount of tritium in each warhead—about four grams—to track the material is far more complicated than to monitor plutonium, about three kilograms of which is used in each warhead. David Cortright, senior associate at Sane/Freeze, argues that "even if we have to inspect 200 locations it's not a negative. The more inspections there are, the more information is exchanged; and the more Soviet and American officials get to know each other, the better it is."

While organizations such as the Nuclear Control Institute, Greenpeace and Sane/Freeze continue to press for a cutoff in tritium and plutonium, the urgent need to clean up the nation's contaminated weapons sites has produced a spate of legislation and galvanized the grass roots. In April nearly 200 people from a dozen states descended on Washington to lobby for cleanup money. Thus far, the strategy has been to urge the D.O.E. to do the job even though its record of lying to the public on health and safety problems and mismanaging the weapons complexes is clear.

Unfortunately, activists as yet can think of no other, more competent agency to do the job. They hope that more Congressional oversight and strict environmental regulations will keep the agency honest. Advocates of this approach point to the new Advisory Committee on Nuclear Facility Safety set up in 1988 to conduct a review of the production facilities. Despite bureaucratic infighting, the committee has forced into the limelight serious safety concerns, such as the failure of control-rod systems at the Savannah River reactors.

But the strategy is fraught with danger. Cleanup could become a hostage to continued production. Already the new Energy Secretary, James Watkins, has started to backpedal on spending to correct the site pollution. At a Senate Budget Committee hearing this spring, he said, "I believe we can do cleanup for less." And some Washington lobbyists admit that the task of prying loose adequate cleanup funds puts shutdown outside acceptable political discourse. Shira Flax of the Sierra Club comments, "Those of us who have to work in the political world cannot talk of shutdown. We would lose Tim Wirth, Al Gore, John Glenn."

Pam Solo, co-director of the Cambridge, Massachusetts-based Institute for Peace and International Security and author of *From Protest to Policy*, counters that it is "absolutely myopic to talk about cleanup without shutdown. We have to shut them down and clean them up—in that order. To start at the cleanup end accepts a future with nuclear weapons. It legitimizes the facilities." Solo, who worked for ten years researching and publicizing problems at the Rocky Flats plutonium plant in Colorado, adds, "These facilities are eating away at our security, politically and environmentally. We are walking a genetic and biological tightwire. The political moment dictates a much more bold political strategy." Cortright of Sane/Freeze agrees. "The D.O.E. is not competent," he says. "Nor can it be trusted to do the cleanup. D.O.E. is an institution that wants to make bombs. Our task is to reduce, not increase, the power of institutions that are making nuclear weapons and war."

For decades, the U.S. taxpayer has financed the proliferation of weapons called "deterrence," supposedly buying national security. In fact, we bought the national insecurity of seemingly unlimited military spending, an intractable budget deficit and a radioactive mess that no one knows how to clean up. The expensive and difficult solutions now urgently required will not be initiated by cold warriors who still support nuclear deterrence, nor by the Congressional guardians of competing military fiefdoms. It is up to the progressives of this country to demand the rigorous rethinking of national priorities that the crisis in the nuclear weapons complex requires. □

PACIFYING ROSEMARY'S BABY

Honduras Left to Push *Contra* Pram

JOSEPH T. ELDRIDGE

In Washington, for the first time in years, there is harmony among all those involved in the long, ugly war against Nicaragua. Pro*contra* and anti*contra* forces have elected to bury the hatchet and embrace the bipartisan accord that will provide $4.5 million a month until February 1990. On April 13 the implementing legislation received overwhelming approval in both houses of Congress.

But the bipartisan plan, like the *contra* war itself, is a function of politics on Capitol Hill, far removed from the realities of Central America. What impact will the agreement have in the region? Despite the February Tesoro Beach accord, which called for immediate steps to disarm, demobilize and resettle the *contras*, the Central American governments have indicated that they will play along with Washington's newfound unity. Costa Rican President Oscar Arias said recently in Washington that he did not think "there were any significant differences between Tesoro Beach and the American bipartisan plan."

Even Nicaragua appears, reluctantly, to have resigned itself to the accord. Sandinista leaders have condemned it for contradicting the Tesoro Beach agreement. However, sources close to the Sandinistas point out that the bipartisan accord ties the future of U.S. policy toward Nicaragua to the elections scheduled for next February—which the Sandinistas believe they can win outright. Baker has agreed publicly to accept the outcome of the elections, provided

Joseph T. Eldridge was director of the Washington Office on Latin America from 1974 to 1986. He then spent two and a half years in Honduras until the government there invited him to leave in November 1988.

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they are procedurally correct and fair. Recent attacks by the Bush Administration on Nicaragua's electoral reform law may only be posturing for the benefit of the right wing in Washington; they do not necessarily herald the Administration's intention to resuscitate the *contras*. To Managua's relief, no one, not even the Administration, has mentioned dialogue with the *contras* as being necessary or important.

Having bought some time, the Administration and Congress now feel they can wait for the next ten months in the hope that the *contras* will somehow disappear. But there's the rub: The *contra* army will not simply go away. The bipartisan accord gave all sides in Washington a place to hide; weary of Nicaragua and the divisiveness it has engendered, everyone wanted a way out. But that has let the Bush Administration off the hook, allowing it to postpone a decision on how it intends to dispose of the monster that its predecessor created. Meanwhile, it is Honduras that must wrestle with the problem of the *contras*, the Rosemary's Baby of Central America.

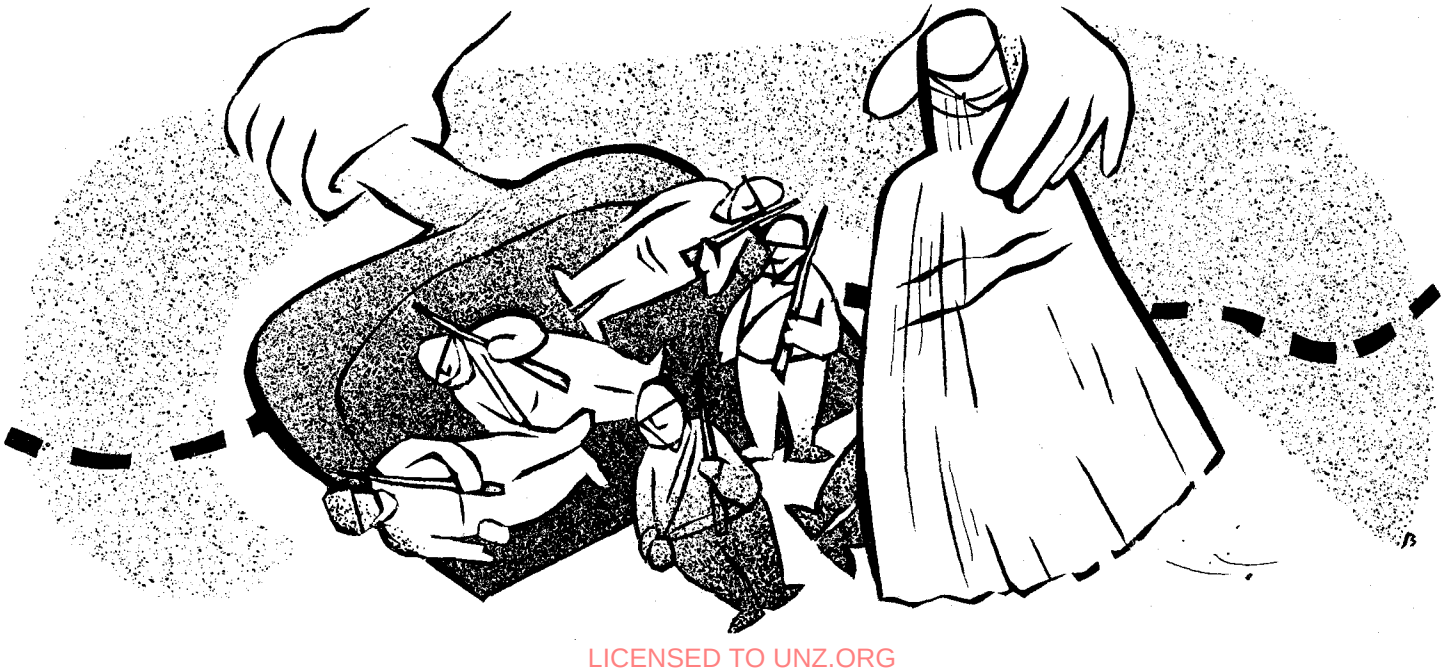
When Congressional commitment to the *contras* began to waver, in 1984, Honduras understandably feared that it might easily become another casualty of the White House's anti-Sandinista fanaticism. As the documents that emerged during the Oliver North trial show, Honduran officials demanded material incentives and firm undertakings that they would not be left to cope alone with a disbanded *contra* army. Certainly, a great deal of aid, both public and clandestine, was provided, although the question of whether there was a direct quid pro quo may ultimately be left to those philosophers who make careers out of splitting hairs.

At this point, says a senior official in the Foreign Ministry in Tegucigalpa, the *contras* have become a greater problem for Honduras than for Nicaragua. For a start, their numbers inside Honduras continue to grow as combatants retire from the battlefield. The best estimates are that they now number about 10,000 armed fighters, with three or four times as many family members encamped around their Honduran bases. U.S. aid provides the *contras* and their families with regular and abundant supplies of rice, beans, plantains, vegetables and meat. The fighters also receive quartermaster gear that includes fatigues, boots, ponchos, field packs, canteens and mess kits. Family assistance payments of about $250,000 a month go to about 2,200 *contras* and specialists. With the level of fighting winding down and the Nicaraguan economy barely registering a pulse, the migration north across the Honduran border will continue.

Hapless Honduras is now paying for the Faustian bargain that was struck during the early days of the Reagan Administration. After years of dalliance, it began to backpedal in February 1988, when Congress refused to approve further military aid to the *contras*. Last October, Foreign Minister Carlos López Contreras (known in Tegucigalpa as López Contra) went before the United Nations to propose an international peacekeeping force to patrol the Honduran-Nicaraguan border and suggest that the United Nations take the lead in disarming the *contra* army. A high-level official in the Honduran Foreign Ministry told me soon afterward that the *contras* were a "busted flush," and added that "Honduras is ready to see if there is a way to learn to live with the Sandinistas as neighbors." In December, Honduran armed forces spokesman Manuel Suárez Benavides declared that the *contras* had no role to play in defending Honduras from the Sandinistas. On the contrary, he said, "they have brought only conflict to the border area."

The *contras* have also begun to show signs of disintegrating politically. Several prominent leaders have died recently under mysterious circumstances. On January 7, for example, Manuel Rugama, known as Commander Aureliano, chief aide to *contra* commander in chief Enrique Bermúdez, was killed when his vehicle was attacked with machine-gun fire. While the *contras* blame the Sandinistas, Carlos Montoya, President of the Honduran Congress, attributes the murder to *contra* infighting. Others point a finger at disgruntled factions in the Honduran military.

What the Honduran government wants from Washington is an ironclad guarantee that the United States will take



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ultimate responsibility for disarming and resettling the *contras.* And that is just what the bipartisan agreement fails to provide. It was the Administration's refusal to make any such promise that prompted President José Azcona Hoyo to take so uncharacteristically strong a stand at the Tesoro Beach meeting in February. One foreign observer commented that Azcona was acting—perhaps for the first time—"like the President of a sovereign country."

The fate of the *contras* has become a dominant political issue in Honduras. "Rescuing national honor" is the theme proclaimed by all the country's political parties; the Constitution, a document that is seldom referred to, has been dusted off and invoked to argue for the swift removal of the Nicaraguan counterrevolutionaries.

Even the Honduran military has become less hospitable. Last year, when administration of the *contra* aid program was taken over by the U.S. Agency for International Development, it ceased to be a lucrative business for Honduran officers. Chastened by their earlier experience, in which large amounts of "humanitarian" aid could not be accounted for, AID officials and their colleagues from Price Waterhouse have become reasonably fastidious auditors.

Displeasure with the *contras* is strongest in the fertile farm country along the Nicaraguan border, Honduras's second richest coffee-producing region, where residents complain of being treated as second-class citizens in their own country. Thousands of Hondurans have been displaced by the war, and although some have returned to their farms many others stay away, fearing another round of combat. On a recent trip along the border, I stopped to chat with a young Honduran conscript guarding the road. As we talked, a large Mercedes-Benz truck lumbered by, showering us with dust. "That's a *contra* truck," he said dejectedly. Looking down at his worn-out boots, he complained loudly, "They get new boots every six weeks."

There are complaints, too, that *contra* troops have begun to look for hiding places outside the areas designated for them. According to the Honduran Coffee Producers' Association, this "movement of *contra* forces is unusual. In moving about in this fashion, they have destroyed farms, some houses, and have occupied coffee-producing areas, thereby once again displacing Hondurans in their own country."

The optimum solution would be for the *contras* to be repatriated to Nicaragua. By reiterating its offer of a total amnesty, the Sandinista government has shown its interest in encouraging the return of unarmed exiles. Most of the rank-and-file combatants, victims of an unrelenting psychological campaign and coercive pressure by their commanding officers, have been led to believe that imminent death awaits them if they return home. Without access to more information about events in Nicaragua from a source they regard as credible—Cardinal Obando y Bravo, perhaps—they are unlikely to budge.

On the other hand, many of the civilians in the camps run by the U.N. High Commission for Refugees might be tempted to repatriate if political and economic conditions permitted. In dozens of interviews in Honduras, Nicara-

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guans told me that they would consider returning home once the war was over, if they were assured of suffering no reprisals, were exempted from the draft and were allowed either to return to their farms or were given new land to till. But this will become a realistic option only when Washington tones down its hostility and when the economic picture brightens inside Nicaragua.

The Nicaraguan economy, crippled by years of war, desperately needs a helping hand. Repatriation paradoxically requires the United States to end its isolation of Nicaragua. In fashioning the bipartisan accord on *contra* aid, the Administration discussed with Congress the use of both carrots and sticks. Without carrots—the most important of which would be an end to the U.S. economic embargo and the opening of new possibilities for trade and aid—there can be no comprehensive solution to the problem of the *contras*.

In its handling of the return of the Miskito Indians [see Ana Carrigan, "Ending the Other War in Nicaragua," *The Nation*, February 6, 1988], the Nicaraguan government has demonstrated its ability to cope with the problems that accompany the resettlement of refugees and fighters. Over the past couple of years the U.N.H.C.R. reports that almost 12,000 Miskitos and Sumus have been repatriated from Honduras, and the homeward flow continues. Although Nicaragua's Atlantic Coast has many characteristics that do not apply elsewhere, the Miskito resettlement program does provide some instructive lessons. Churches and charitable organizations have joined forces with the Sandinista government to respond to the Miskitos' needs. Despite the mutual animosity and distrust that remains, and despite formidable practical obstacles (including shortages of food and building materials), the Miskitos are discovering that they have better options and greater leverage with the Sandinistas than they had with the Honduran military.

Even under the best of circumstances, not all the *contras* will be able to return to Nicaragua. Some of the officers, especially those who have been involved in atrocities against civilians, might reasonably expect vengeance if they went back. For them, relocation in Miami, where they have long been paid in dollars, is the obvious answer. But this option raises serious difficulties. How, for example, is this country to avoid a repetition of the problems caused by resettling U.S.-trained Cuban exiles after the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion, who later used their skills to organize Miami-based terrorist hit squads and drug-smuggling operations? Careful screening would be essential, as would a financial commitment to job training for the former *contras* and supervision of their integration into the U.S. economy.

Senators from Florida and Texas have made their opposition to local resettlement schemes abundantly clear. When Nicaraguans poured into Miami last year, black neighborhoods exploded in anger over the city's preferential treatment of the new arrivals. For reasons of their own, Nicaragua's Central American neighbors have all declared their unwillingness to go on serving as hosts to the *contras*. Meanwhile, the costs of the guerrillas' presence along the Honduran border continue to mount.

Washington has tabled the *contra* issue until next February. In the process, it has increased tensions in Honduras and left unresolved the thorny question of resettlement. Unless the Administration takes immediate steps to find a permanent home for its discarded offspring, the legacy of Ronald Reagan will plague George Bush, the United States and, above all, Central America for years to come. □

Big Oil

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

ported labor and exported profits. One of the first acts of the new state was to ban fish traps and return the annual harvests to individual fishermen.

Resource rich but cash poor, Alaska knew it had to develop its mining deposits, timber and petroleum or starve. Only 300,000 people lived there in 1970, and the transfer of land from Federal to state jurisdiction was going painfully slowly, due in part to claims filed by Native Alaskans seeking their aboriginal rights to sea, land and underground resources. Then, on a remote parcel of state property, geologists found the biggest oil and gas field in North America, and all hell broke loose.

Eager to market the oil, a coalition of government and industry officials engineered the Alaska Native Settlement Claims Act in Congress. Recently modified, it was meant to guarantee the state's 65,000 Eskimo, Indian and Aleut residents 44 million acres of land and $1 billion, half of which was to be paid by oil income to the state. In 1973, with the oil pipeline still delayed by lawsuits, Congress voted to exempt the project from Federal environmental laws. By late that year, only two barricades separated the oil at Prudhoe Bay from its eventual tanker terminal at Valdez: 800 miles of wilderness and a set of state laws. The oil industry overran both.

Alaska's state leaders were determined not to duplicate past sins in dealing with the giants of industry. Governor Bill Egan was among those who had chafed at the territory's treatment by Big Fish and he was duly skeptical of Big Oil. He proposed to the Legislature in 1972 that the state finance and build the pipeline, but when that idea was rejected he settled for a package of tax and regulatory laws asserting state jurisdiction over the project. The consortium of seven oil companies seeking permits to build the line hauled Alaska into court, maintaining that since the oil was destined for interstate commerce Federal law pre-empted almost every claim of state sovereignty. This lawsuit never made it to trial because, Congress having cleared all Federal issues off the table, the pressure for an out-of-court settlement was too great. So the industry persuaded Alaskan officials to gut their regulatory laws and issue construction permits, submit-

John Greely, who has lived in Alaska for seventeen years, covers politics and the environment for KTOO-FM, the public radio station in Juneau. Research assistance was provided by Jill Hamburg.

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ting in exchange to a modest tax package (Egan had known the poor years well).

The $9 billion that Big Oil spent in the next three years building the Alyeska pipeline altered Alaska forever. The structure itself is a mere thread on a vast landscape, but the money wove itself permanently into the fabric of life of the Last Frontier. When the construction ended, the state government used its oil income to finance decent housing, schools, roads, communications facilities and power projects. All the modern conveniences most other Americans take for granted were finally brought to Alaska in the 1980s through state and local governments awash in wealth. State spending peaked at $4 billion in 1982.

For all the free spending, Alaska's leaders worried that the gusher would not last. So they invested heavily in renewable resources like fish, building or financing $140 million worth of salmon hatcheries in Prince William Sound and other places. And they saved, amending the Constitution to dedicate money to the Alaska Permanent Fund. Unlike other oil-rich governments, the state managed to avoid squandering its savings. Oil dollars in the trust were invested in blue-chip stocks, spinning off enormous profits that were reinvested in the fund and paid out in annual dividends: $2.1 billion has gone to 510,000 Alaskans in the past seven years.

The dividend program was the idea of Egan's successor, Governor Jay Hammond, a burly former bush pilot who put together support from conservationists, fishermen and liberals to run the state during its big-money years. Skeptical by nature and a poet in his spare hours, Hammond typified many Alaskans in his distrust of government and the oil industry. During his first year in office he canceled a prior state petroleum sale in Kachemak Bay and refunded the money to the industry; in his second year, he persuaded the Legislature and the voters to establish the Permanent Fund as a way of putting the government on a budgetary diet. But by his eighth year in office, Hammond had lost his stomach for the fight and he looked on with nostalgic pride at the dividend program. Legislators by then were beefing up the budget and handing out tax breaks to the oil companies.

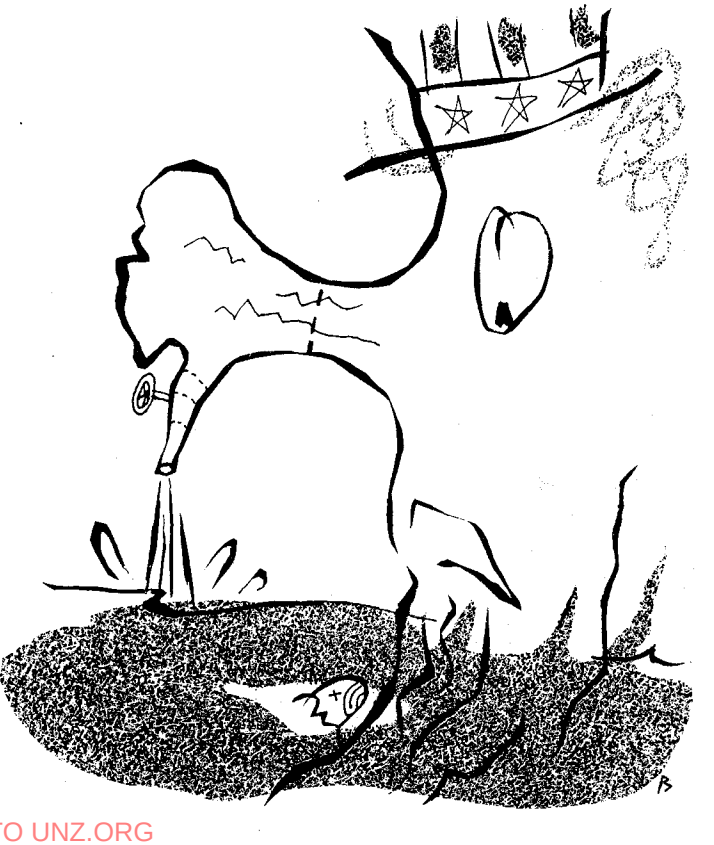
That industry leaders could push those tax breaks through a once-hostile Alaska government spoke well of the groundwork they had done. A new influx of residents attracted by jobs in the publicly financed construction boom helped swell the population to more than 500,000 by 1985, and many of the newly arrived had never heard of fish traps. What they did hear of was the steady flow of corporate donations by Exxon, Atlantic Richfield, British Petroleum and other companies to community groups and political campaigns. Until the Exxon Valdez wreck the world's biggest oil firms had persuaded many Alaskans that they were good folks to have in the neighborhood.

Nine of every ten Alaskans, for example, supported the state's efforts in Congress to open the coastal plain of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge to oil and gas exploration. Nearly half thought it would be unwise to close a controversial loophole through which Prudhoe Bay producers qualify for reduced state severance taxes levied on "marginal" oil fields. Most residents also looked the other way when Federal and state budget cuts, combined with a desire by the pipeline owners to save on operational costs during the oil crash of 1986, left a bare-bones plan in place for handling oil spills in Valdez. "Trust us," the industry seemed to be saying. "We've got the talent and the track record to protect the environment and give you more jobs."

Yet without sufficient regulation of marine oil transport, the threat of hydrocarbon poisoning in the world's largest fish hatchery system, which yielded $70 million in herring and salmon in 1987, should have been clear from the start. Even before the big spill, the National Marine Fishery Service and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration called Port Valdez one of North America's most "chronically polluted marine environments."

In the early 1970s, fishermen battled the pipeline all the way to the Supreme Court and won, only to have the victory later rendered moot by new state and Federal laws. The Congressional act permitting the pipeline promised oversight, top technology, periodic upgrading and two phases of facility enlargement as the volume of oil increased. Yet procedures at the pipeline's terminus have not received adequate review in twelve years of operation. The flow in barrels per day has tripled in that time, while wastewater treatment, toxic vapor controls and sludge incineration remain at original levels.

The state even degraded its water quality standards to accommodate Alyeska's levels of toxic effluents, which contain both carcinogens and mutogens. Solid, liquid and vapor cleansing technologies mandated by law in the forty-nine other states were rejected by the pipeline consortium as too complex, despite pollution citations by the Environmental Protection Agency and the Alaska Department of Environmental Conservation. On May 5, Alyeska went into court to



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try to block the state from imposing tougher pollution standards in the port of Valdez. Ricki Otts, a sediment toxicologist with the fishermen's union, asks: "If Alyeska is an example of how these oil companies operate in 'an environmentally sound manner,' what are the companies doing in more remote wilderness areas with even less supervision?"

In the first few weeks after the cruel corruption of Prince William Sound, Alaskans joined the world in learning that:

§ No technological prowess exists to remove most of the oil from the environment. Instead, fishing communities several hundred miles from Bligh Reef, where the Exxon Valdez ran aground, were forced to fight for their livelihoods with makeshift material, and now rely on nature to repair the damage over the next decades.

§ The state had only a dozen oil-spill specialists to cover all of its 586,412 square miles. In the four months before the accident, they were kept busy responding to a 52,000-gallon spill at a Kenai refinery, a sinking barge off the Alaska Peninsula with 2 million gallons of diesel fuel aboard, a city pipeline rupture that sent jet fuel into a creek in Anchorage and a ship grounding that killed more than 500 birds and forced several fish plants to shut down temporarily in Dutch Harbor.

§ Exxon, through the benefits of vertical integration, could more than recover its financial losses by raising gas prices 10 cents or more a gallon, which it did. When other companies followed suit, motorists in Juneau were paying $1.49 per gallon for regular just three weeks after the tanker accident.

§ Writeoffs allowed under Federal tax laws permit Exxon to recover about one-third of its cleanup expenses.

§ George Bush, the self-proclaimed "environmental President," couldn't find time to witness the destruction, even as it spread to the beaches of at least two national parks. Bush also declined to temper his support for drilling in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, where another Prudhoe Bay–size oil deposit may lie hidden.

Even Alaska Governor Steve Cowper said he was rethinking his prodevelopment views concerning the refuge, and a $300,000 appropriation to fund the state's lobbying effort in Congress to open the refuge stopped dead in the Legislature. Senator Frank Murkowski reversed his position on oil development—but only pending a satisfactory spill contingency plan—in Alaska's richest commercial fishery, Bristol Bay, where Federal leases sold in 1985 have heretofore had his unqualified support. And the Alaska Senate, long dominated by pro-oil Republicans, voted May 8 to close the industry severance-tax loophole at Prudhoe Bay, estimated to be worth $150 million a year.

Although significant, those political repercussions of the oil spill are largely emotional and short term. When the tears dry, a state grown dependent on oil to feed 85 percent of its public-service costs will still be confronted by several unsettled long-term issues, among them the fact that Prudhoe Bay is now at peak production of 2 million barrels a day. Within a year or so, experts believe, it will begin a steady decline, dropping to about 1 million barrels a day by the late 1990s, with no replacement reserves in sight (save the Arctic Refuge potential). That geophysical fact is forcing state leaders into a reluctant reappraisal of the social obligations assumed by the government, from subsidized housing and electric power to monthly checks issued to all senior citizens without regard to need. That this debate over basics is required now, while oil fouls the beaches and gasoline prices rise, is a painful irony for Alaskans. And it encourages procrastination in the search for a budget that won't crumble with the next OPEC production war.

Another consideration is that, with OPEC imports to the United States at historical highs, Alaska will be called upon eventually to bolster domestic oil production in the name of national security. So far, the 80 million acres of national parks, refuges and wilderness areas established by Congress in 1980 and the 4 million acres of state parks and reserves have been off limits. That has forced the Interior Department to launch an aggressive offshore leasing program, worrying fishermen who already are outraged by the failure of the State Department to bring an end to high-seas salmon interceptions by foreign fleets. This summer, if permits are approved, Shell, Elf Aquitaine (a French oil company) and Conoco will begin explorative drilling in the remote Chukchi Sea, and if anybody had any doubts about cleaning up an oil spill in the protected waters of Prince William Sound, there should be none about the impossibility of wiping the Chukchi ice floes clean.

The huge expanse of Alaska always has dwarfed man and man-made things, deluding residents into thinking their mistakes would stay hidden. It took a big mistake by an industrial giant to shock them out of that false notion of security, but wholesale changes in Alaska's development policy will be a long time coming. Many Americans probably did not know before the oil spill that Alaska produces 25 percent of the country's oil. Barring a reversal of national energy standards that permit gas-guzzling cars on the road, the pressure to continue producing oil from Prudhoe Bay and other regions of Alaska will mount.

Meanwhile, as summer approaches, Valdez booms again. Its population has been doubled by the cleanup crews, and the rent for a house with room for four spill workers can run as much as $11,000 a month. The 4,000 cleanup jobs offered by Exxon will increase petroleum employment statewide by 44 percent, and some estimate that $1 billion will be expended in the next five years. The cleanup itself will soon rank with fishing, tourism, logging and mining as a major employer of Alaskans. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Altruism Within Egoism

ALFIE KOHN

PASSIONS WITHIN REASON: The Strategic Role of the Emotions. *By Robert H. Frank. W.W. Norton. 304 pp. $19.95.*

In a *Monty Python* sketch that should be required viewing for all economics students, John Cleese plays a banker who simply cannot grasp the concept of charity. Asked to contribute to the orphans' fund—and I am quoting from memory here—the banker frowns in puzzlement and reviews the proposed procedure: "I give you a pound, and then you give it to the orphans. Is that right?" Assured that this is indeed the way it works, Cleese pauses and shakes his head. "I'm sorry," he says. "I don't wish to seem stupid, but it still appears as if I'm out a pound."

If this does not precisely capture the spirit of neoclassical economics, it is not because the latter is any less ludicrous. In fact, members of the so-called Chicago School are not confused by altruism; they confidently explain it away as just another instance of self-maximizing behavior. After all, their central assumption is that all individuals spend their lives weighing options in order to arrive at the one that yields the most advantageous outcome for themselves. On this basis alone do we decide whom to hire, what to buy, how to vote, when to marry and whether to keep our promises.

Now, the idea of "economic man" has long been criticized as a misleading (as opposed to useful) fiction, on the ground that the calculating, consistent, fully informed actors on which the model depends bear little resemblance to people in the real world. But critical attention has rarely been directed to the model's core assumption, which is the belief that each of us is motivated exclusively by self-interest. In fact, this premise has leached into psychology and the other social sciences.

In the past decade or so, however, things have begun to change. Several writers in economics and allied fields have challenged the tendency to equate rationality with egoism, arguing that one may act rationally in the service of any goal, including the desire to benefit others. Even in economic matters, it has been pointed out, we routinely attend to noneconomic, nonegoistic considerations. Several books with this perspective have appeared in the past two or three years, and there are more on the way. The critique of self-interest theory is still a minority position within the discipline, but the minority appears to have found its voice.

ALSO IN THIS REVIEW

ECONOMICS FOR A CIVILIZED SOCIETY. *By Greg Davidson and Paul Davidson. W.W. Norton. 213 pp. $22.95.*

THE MORAL DIMENSION: Toward a New Economics. *By Amitai Etzioni. Free Press. 314 pp. $24.95.*

HUMANISTIC ECONOMICS: The New Challenge. *By Mark A. Lutz and Kenneth Lux. The Bootstrap Press. 352 pp. Paper $15.50.*

THE BATTLE FOR HUMAN NATURE: Science, Morality, and Modern Life. *By Barry Schwartz. W. W. Norton. 348 pp. $19.95. Paper $9.95.*

ON ETHICS AND ECONOMICS. *By Amartya Sen. Basil Blackwell. 148 pp. Paper $10.95.*

The call to acknowledge what is variously called "commitment" (Amartya Sen), "the moral dimension" (Amitai Etzioni) and "civic values" (Greg Davidson and Paul Davidson) typically is dismissed by some economists on the ground that the egoistic model does not rule out these phenomena: One's utility function (that is, set of preferences) can include anything, even a desire to help others. The problem with this response is that it leaves the neoclassicists in a dilemma. At least some helping behavior appears to be genuinely altruistic, and altruism by definition is not a subset of egoism. The only alternative for the economist is to pump up the idea of self-interest until it takes in everything, including altruism, and, as a result, signifies nothing. To say that people are motivated by self-interest would then be to say only that people want what they want.

All of the books listed here offer elaborations on—or at least corollaries to—this argument. Barry Schwartz, a psychologist, emphasizes that, in its particulars, "economic man," like the parallel images offered by behaviorists and sociobiologists, is a product of "human discretion, not of natural necessity." Sen, in his incisive paper "Rational Fools" (1977), shows that Adam Smith did not hold to a rigid model of humans as self-maximizers—as contrasted with those who invoke his name. The Davidsons believe the whole discipline has been constrained by neoclassical theory, so that "an economist with civilized intentions is left facing the same problem as a pacifist who works in a gun shop—he cannot use his professional skills to pursue ethical principles."

Mark A. Lutz and Kenneth Lux, meanwhile, unroll a history of economics that highlights the topic of self-interest. (Merely to focus on the issue is subversive: A reader is likely to ask hard questions about the assumption of self-interest if it is examined in detail rather than, as in most textbooks, simply mentioned on the first page—exactly as abnormal psychology texts treat the question of what constitutes normality.) They argue that we are self-maximizers, but we are also more than this. Etzioni, the sociologist who wrote the foreword to Lutz and Lux's book, argues in his own work that the economic model is triply flawed: It pretends that we act as individuals, that we always act rationally and that our moral convictions can be collapsed into the quest for pleasure.

Etzioni's second point, the challenge to the idea that human beings are always rational decision-makers, is Robert Frank's exclusive concern. Given the fact that it is also the least radical of Etzioni's three challenges, it may not be coincidental that Frank's *Passions Within Reason*, the most recent of the six books discussed here, is becoming the most influential. For this reason, it deserves a closer look.

Frank, an economist at Cornell University, based his previous work, *Choos-*

Alfie Kohn is the author of No Contest: The Case Against Competition *(Houghton Mifflin) and* Beyond Selfishness: Altruism, Empathy, and the Brighter Side of Human Nature, *which will be published early next year by Basic Books. He lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

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ing the Right Pond, on "the rich predictive power of the view that people generally behave in self-interested ways" and on the unproven assumption that competition and status envy are not learned but inborn. In *Passions Within Reason* he argues in a cheerfully accessible style that it is often counterproductive to fix our minds on the most rational means to benefit ourselves. "The ruthless pursuit of self-interest is often self-defeating," he writes, while irrational behaviors—those motivated by emotions ranging from anger to love—are likely to pay off in the long run. The key is to be *known* as someone who may fly off the handle, or someone who is willing to help unreservedly: Such a reputation can work to one's advantage.

Frank spends an inordinate amount of time showing that we can, indeed, figure out the emotional states of others—a point critical to his argument but not terribly controversial. He devotes far less energy to proving something that most of his colleagues already accept on faith, namely that the ultimate benefits we may realize from acting altruistically (or otherwise "irrationally") are the *reason* we act this way.

This argument assumes that we are in the dark about our real motives. If we deliberately set out to fake generosity, we would not be convincing. "For the model to work," he writes, "satisfaction from doing the right thing must *not* be premised on the fact that material gains may later follow; rather it must be *intrinsic* to the act itself. . . . moral sentiments do not lead to material advantage unless they are heartfelt." Thus the entire thesis turns on the existence of some undefined but presumably elaborate mechanism of self-deception whose existence (let alone workings) is never demonstrated. Having quite convincingly shown that non-self-interested behavior exists, Frank asserts (in keeping with the neoclassical tradition) that such behavior must somehow be motivated by self-interest.

Why, he asks, do we tip a waiter in a restaurant we do not expect to visit again? Conventional economic theory predicts that we will stiff him since there is nothing to be lost by doing so. Frank, however, says the (presumably unconscious) motive is to "strengthen the predisposition to behave honestly," since "in order to *appear* honest, it may be necessary, or at least very helpful, to *be* honest." Appearance, in other words, is said to lie behind reality, long-range selfish gain behind evidence of admirable actions. This is the premise of Frank's case, not his conclusion.

In developing a model about feelings and reputation, it is necessary to draw from psychology. Few will be surprised to learn that Frank's preferred brand is a vulgar behaviorism scotch-taped to neurobiological determinism—a version that will seem persuasive in inverse proportion to the reader's familiarity with research in human behavior. Human actions are wholly dependent on rewards, he states flatly, and behavior is a function of emotion rather than reason. The biological underpinning of all this is sold to us on the basis of a series of false dichotomies: Either one grants that humans are driven by evolutionary pressures or else one prefers "simply to ignore" them; either human sexuality is conceded to be primarily "hard-wired" or else one must believe it to be a function of rationality; either values are based on "material considerations" or else are due simply to religious teachings.

Passions Within Reason, which might have been titled *Altruism Within Egoism*, has attracted back-jacket blurbs from big-name economists as well as prominent and favorable notice in the

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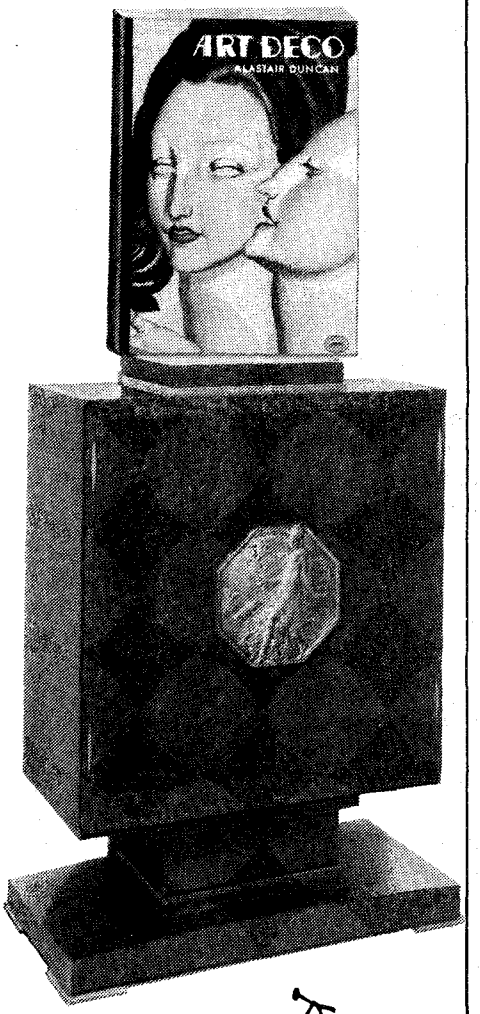

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business section of *The New York Times*. Part of the reason, it would seem, is that Frank "requires [economists] to change only surface elements of their belief structure" by offering "less a disavowal of the self-interest model than a friendly amendment to it," as he himself puts it. He does not take the trouble to defend that model against the arguments of Sen, Schwartz and others; he legitimizes it by calling attention only to the relatively minor question of *how* an individual maximizes his or her utility.

This, however, is seen as a bold new analysis in a discipline that remains largely wed to the premise of egoism. The dynamics here are remarkably similar to the way public policy is debated in the United States: One is not permitted to suggest that the *contras* are terrorists, only to ask whether our aid to them should be military or "humanitarian." That a corporation should be able to decide unilaterally to move its operations to Mexico is a given, but we may vigorously disagree on whether it should have to give notice to its workers before doing so.

Those of us who are trying to challenge the hegemony of self-interest theory—whether in economics, psychology or the culture at large—are naturally delighted to discover a lucid critique of assumptions about rationality. But when that critique ultimately serves to bolster the larger theory—and does so without anything like a persuasive justification—we would do well to regard it skeptically. □

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This Magic Moment

GENE SANTORO

LIPSTICK TRACES: A Secret History of the 20th Century. *By Greil Marcus. Harvard University Press. 496 pp. $29.95.*

Remember *Connections*? The popular PBS TV series, then book, by journalist James Burke took fascinating trips along history's back roads in order to link events, inventions, technologies and ideas in ways more odd than the textbooks told us. He leaped confidently and wittily from the discovery of the touchstone to the origins of coinage to the Alexandrian library to astronomy to medieval sea trade to Earth's magnetic field to gunpowder to vacuums to weather observatories and radar in order to finish up with the atomic bomb—to take just one example. Burke not only zigzagged across the usual lines of causality, he was thinking through Heisenberg and Foucault out loud. He understood that history is in the eye of the beholder, and that it is as dependent on discontinuity as on cherished Western notions like progress.

Trapped inside Greil Marcus's overlong, overstuffed and pretentious *Lipstick Traces* is a version of *Connections* whimpering to get out. Its focus is the Sex Pistols, the British punk band that ignited a movement in its fourteen-month-long existence from November 1976 to January 1978. Marcus presents an archeological reconstruction of their antecedents from the Gnostics through Dada and the Paris uprising of May 1968, and defines this project as "a secret history of the twentieth century." According to him, that history consists of a not-necessarily-connected trail of nihilistic "screams" that somehow are able to reveal, more completely than any other method of investigation, the falsity of our everyday lives and the societal formats that perpetuate that falsity and its inevitable corollary, a dreary mechanical dullness.

As the Sex Pistols burned through their short life, they had a galvanizing effect on the artier segments of the rock world—especially in Britain, where art schools turn out as many musicians as painters. So it was natural that art history connections began to be made around both the matter and the marketing of deliberately abrasive hits like "Anarchy in the U.K.," "God Save the Queen" and "Holidays in the Sun," a surrealist tour through postwar Belsen as metaphor for the postwar world. Marcus describes this with passion and flair.

The obvious art history link with punk was Dada, a word that started cropping up on the pages of fan magazines and art journals alike in the 1970s. Why? Think Cabaret Voltaire, in the Zurich of 1916, Hugo Ball in an outrageous bird suit and several folks onstage at once screaming poems at an audience of the intelligentsia, people-in-the-know and slumming art-loving burghers. Marcus's discussion of the Sex Pistols and Dada certainly fits the fashion-driven, titillating imaginings of Pistol mastermind/manager Malcolm McLaren.

But Marcus wants to cover more than that, much more—and that's the problem. The way he tells it, privileged moments of pure negation—anarchistic outbreaks—somehow recur throughout history. Like Jungian archetypes, which Marcus invokes periodically, they make themselves manifest at isolated moments, then vanish—hence the book's title. These moments are the Sex Pistols' nihilistic precursors, acknowledged or not, and make up an antihistory that stretches from ancient days to the present in unpredictable ways.

As Marcus sees it, the Pistols' forbears are an extremely heterogeneous bunch, from religious "nihilists" like the Gnostics and Cathars to zealous cultural anarchists like the Situationist International to serious revolutionaries like Rosa Luxemburg. Unfortunately, as interesting and provocative as that kind of parallel history would be in theory, in this particular practice it's more muddled than engaging. Marcus not only draws no useful distinctions between any of these viewpoints, he essentially insists that there aren't any—nihilism rules, as it were. Instead, he substitutes a half-digested notion of deconstructionist intertextuality—an already fuzzy instrument that in his incapable hands becomes an egocentric mirror rather than a light of inquiry:

> This story, if it is a story, doesn't tell itself; once I'd glimpsed its outlines, I wanted to shape the story so that every fragment, every voice, would speak in judgment of every other, even if the people behind each voice had never heard of the others. Especially if they hadn't; especially if, in "Anarchy in the U.K.," a twenty-year-old called John-

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ny Rotten had rephrased a social critique generated by people who, as far as he knew, had never been born. Who knew what else was part of the tale? If one can stop looking at the past and start listening to it, one might hear echoes of a new conversation; then the task of the critic would be to lead speakers and listeners unaware of each other's existence to talk to one another. The job of the critic would be to maintain the ability to be surprised at how the conversation goes, and to communicate that sense of surprise to other people, because a life infused with surprise is better than a life that is not.

This muddle is hardly the philosophical inquiry into pure negation Marcus wants it to be. It's essentially a recounting of a religious experience, a conversion narrative along the lines of St. Augustine's where transcendence enters via the Sex Pistols instead of the Deity and reveals the true shape and meaning of the teller's life. But unlike Augustine, who kept his sense of humor and irony, Marcus rants in a bloated terminology distilled from poststructuralist handbooks, art magazines and art manifestoes.

Marcus's conversion experience was seeing the Sex Pistols' last concert at Winterland in 1978: His descriptions of the concert, his close reading of tunes like "Holidays in the Sun," are the book's best parts. Beyond yawns the abyss:

> The Sex Pistols were a scam, a bid for success through scandal, for "cash from chaos," as one of Malcolm McLaren's slogans had it; they were also a carefully constructed proof that the whole of received hegemonic propositions about the way the world was supposed to work comprised a fraud so complete and venal that it demanded to be destroyed beyond the powers of memory to recall its existence. In those ashes anything would be possible, and permitted: the most profound love, the most casual crime.

I dare you to read that out loud to anyone without laughing. Another example is this passage about the Slits, an all-woman post-Pistols punk band:

> "No more rock'n'roll for you/No more rock'n'roll for me," goes a drunken moan elsewhere on the record, echoing the Sex Pistols' chorus for no-future . . . but it was the Slits' affirmation that whatever they were doing, they wouldn't call it rock'n'roll. This was music that refused its own name, which meant it also refused its history—from this moment, no one knew what rock'n'roll was, and so almost anything became possible, or impossi-

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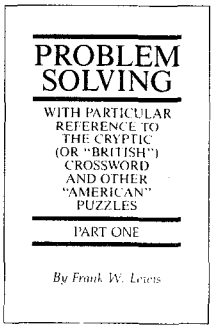
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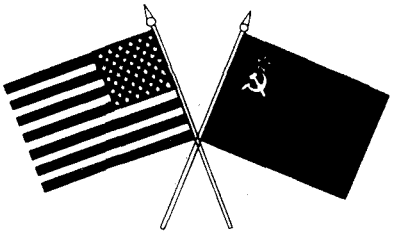

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ble, as rock'n'roll: random noise was rock'n'roll, and the Beatles were not.

From the incoherence it's clear that Marcus has forgotten what he knew about pop-music history when he wrote *Mystery Train* in 1975. The list of folks using noise in rock and roll long before the Sex Pistols were a gleam in MacLaren's beady eyes includes the very Beatles he's banished from his story. It's a natural development from electronic instruments, as guitarists like Link Wray and Lonnie Mack discovered in the 1950s in their quest for more distortion, more volume, more feedback. But that's inconvenient for Marcus's plot.

He makes the same mistakes repeatedly.

> By 1967, a pop year organized around the Beatles' *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, rock'n'roll was governed by an ideology of affirmation, creativity, and novelty. Almost everything sounded hopeful, significant, and new, but in fact the music was imploding. Almost everything was aimed at the center, and the spinning center threw off whatever was not.

Again, move past the flights of fanciful metaphor and some awfully simple questions pop up. What about "A Day in the Life" or the Rolling Stones' *Beggars Banquet*?

Marcus pretends that politics is his driving force, but the purism and passivity of his deconstructionist analysis renders suspect any form of political activism larger than a gesture. What he's really interested in is something he describes as pure negation: "Negation is an act that would make it self-evident to everyone that the world is not as it seems—but only when the act is so implicitly complete it leaves open the possibility that the world may be nothing, that nihilism as well as creation may occupy the suddenly cleared ground." For Marcus, any political movement is only another way of propping up the status quo; only nihilist negation reveals the configurations of economics and power and design and you-name-it that shape our world. And though he twists and turns about the hows and whys, in the end his egoistic ennui ("a life infused with surprise is better than a life that is not") is the Romantic explanation behind this reductivism.

Though he apparently doesn't realize it—and what he doesn't realize may explain a lot of the gaps he finds between anarchist moments—his view of the purifying effects of punk and Dada comes from a tradition. Russian Formalism, a primarily aesthetic movement at the turn of the century that presaged structuralism and post-structuralism, demanded art make things strange—an aesthetic pronouncement freighted with social implications. In the Soviet Union, the Formalists' way of thinking was paralleled by revolutionary Futurists like Vladimir Mayakovsky. Ironically, the same demand in the hands of poet F.T. Marinetti's Italian Futurists of the 1900s became a forerunner of Fascism—Marinetti and his ilk later became Mussolini's official aestheticians—because for them, as for Marcus, this potentially liberating approach was transformed. It calls for a way of life so heightened, an angle of vision so transcendent, that it reveals the world to be pure shit, then almost immediately burns itself out. Since it leaves no residue and no hope, it thereby becomes a recipe for cultural fascism.

He may not mention the Russian Formalists, but Marcus cites a great deal of obscurity. He picks some of Dada's blurriest figures; his version of May 1968 in Paris spotlights the Situationist International. This is, superficially at least, the Foucault portion of his project; but unlike that master of self-questioning Marcus is a pretty lazy intellect. One of the most important threads in his story, in fact, is one that's missing. As he repeats Situationist ideas about contemporary culture as spectacle and the politics that should derive from that insight, it becomes clear that that ideology's contemporaneous U.S. translation—the Yippies—is a ghost in Marcus's machine. He can't refer to them, because punks hated hippies, and though the Yippies weren't hippies they were close enough.

And too close in other ways as well: The almost pornographic lure of the exotic powers much of this would-be

FULL FLOWER MOON

The moon develops the earth, and prints it
platinum, the sky's gray a bit bluer,
barely distinct against the stars.
"Full Flower" they called this moon
when people noticed degrees
of bloom, but there was little
but blooming to notice, and all the blossoms
opened in their proper time.
High over the fields, the radio signal
winks its red eye, competing, knowing
where the Northway stretches its coils.

The valley stretches from here out
as if it would never close, the land
still breathing through mouths of clover
and vetch. Beauty is this openness:
your hand that won't turn against me,
the width of your untroubled cheek,
the pollen of lashes fanning across.

We drive out the old hay-track, buoyed
by alfalfa and light, the scent of thyme
released by crushing, the lollop of hills
running parallel, each taking eons
to move into its own shape. So surrounded,
we try to say what beauty is, or makes—
our standing awed together here, inundated
by space and shadowless light. And how
when something stretches so open and limitless,
someone who feels himself made small
in comparison will itch to enter,
place his mark on a body so trusting, so
unsuspecting, he thinks it will be easy
to make it his own size, as the red eye
gives him its blessing, more constant
than the moon, but bringing nothing to flower.

Joan Aleshire

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archeology. That's why, for instance, when he discusses Dada he ignores the movement's outstanding figures in favor of marginal ones. It's not that he essentially revises our understanding of Dada, in the way that Foucault revised our understanding of asylums, Renaissance hierarchies of being, and jails; he's simply slumming through history's byways and plucking only what fits his ongoing secret history.

That fundamentally dishonest emotional pull is only one of this book's problems. There are the errors of fact and constant misunderstandings of quoted passages. There's the way he handles Marx—whose *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts of 1844* is his touchstone—as a pure young Hegelian. There's the way he treats Surrealism, which he calls every bad name he can think of, from Catholic to careerist. And there are dollops of just plain pretension. That indigestible mix is what finally does in the smaller, better book rattling around in *Lipstick Traces*. Trivializing political stands in favor of chic despair, privileging isolated historical moments while denigrating any other understanding as "history as arithmetic," Marcus pivots around the magic moment in Winterland in 1978 when his life changed:

> Walking the aisles of Winterland as the Sex Pistols played, I felt a confidence and a lust that were altogether new. Thirty-two years had not taught me what I learned that night: when you're pushed, push back; when a shove negates your existence, negate the shove.

I guess Marcus didn't grow up on the streets where kids frolic among the pushers and the drunks and the homeless, the indifferent and the crushed and the caring; or in the holding pens housing the abandoned members of our society. There he would have learned the strange twists to that apparently straightforward lesson after being knocked to the pavement repeatedly—by other kids, by grownups, by cops and welfare workers. Maybe he would have become one of those beaten into submission, or at least passivity. Or maybe he would have kept picking himself up, cleaned his wounds, grown cunning. Eventually he might have written a focused, useful book to direct his rage—and ours.

As it is, Marcus's blushing-virgin surprise at controlled bits of semi-organized violence—and his naïve reaction to a stimulus that becomes a philosophic/political principle—is laughably earnest when it's not annoying or frightening. Unfortunately, it is also what allows him to ignore real-world problems and the people who address them while opting for titillation and intellectual machismo. *Lipstick Traces* is a book that would have been better written by anyone who had more than a shove, intellectual or physical, to negate. □

The Age of Anthologies

ELLEN LEVY

THE BEST AMERICAN POETRY, 1988. *Edited by John Ashbery; series editor David Lehman. Scribner's. 249 pp. $19.95. Paper $9.95.*

"This is so much the age of anthologies that it is surprising that poets still waste their time on books of verse, instead of writing anthologies in the first place." Randall Jarrell wrote that in *The Nation* in the early 1950s, in recoil from a barrage of Golden Treasuries on their way to their final resting place between the encyclopedia and the hardbound issues of *American Heritage*. His *mot* is even more just now, although the anthologists and their public have changed beyond anything Jarrell would have recognized. Avuncular verse collectors like Oscar Williams and the postwar homeowners who saw his collections as buyable chunks of "class" have given way to poetry professionals and would-be professionals intent on staking their place in an expanding, competitive field. These interested readers skim new anthologies for signs of who's in, who's out and who's with whom these days. In the process they refine a taste for professional politics that some may confuse with a taste for poetry.

It was therefore disingenuous of David Lehman to propose publishing a new annual with the apparently disinterested title *The Best American Poetry*. He must know that in a subculture as sectarian as the poetry world any selection labeled "best" is spoiling for a fight, practically forcing a challenger to demand to know, Who says? In the case of this first volume, the answer is guest editor John Ashbery, the mention of whose name wins entry to one sect while guaranteeing exclusion from others. And in fact, some of those others are either underrepresented or completely absent here, notably the academic pastoralists of the Iowa School and the New Formalists (spawn of the *New Criterion*, which was founded with the aim of stultifying the visual arts but has had to settle for putting its curse on poetry). Of the seventy-five poets included, close to a third are first- or second-generation New York Schoolers, some of whom majored in Ashbery. However, while a few of those selections seem obligatory, the rest can be set down to settled preference; Ashbery is too good a poet to be much of a politician.

Ashbery is also, as those who have kept up with his writing on art know, an interesting critic, but of the sort whose criticism tells more about himself than about the object at hand. His editing too is, above all, characteristic. For instance, Ashbery thrives on odd, arbitrary forms, so in the anthology he throws in a couple of sestinas, a complex stanza using echo rhymes (beautifully managed by Donald Justice) and a poem composed entirely of palindromes—weird on the page but fun to read aloud. He's also a believer in the prose poem, so there are several of those, and his weakness for cartoons explains the inclusion of an otherwise precious trifle by Anthony Hecht that features a Japanese muse from outer space who says—what else?—"Take me to your reader."

Beyond the local resemblances, many of these poems share a tone—discursive or mock-discursive—that is as much a product of Ashbery's influence as it is an indicator of his taste. As Marc Cohen explains in his contributor's note, "The opposite effect from [William Carlos] Williams's 'no ideas but in things' has taken place"; now "there are 'no things but in ideas.'" Hence the poem by Jorie Graham titled, with some pretension, "On Difficulty," and one by Wanda Coleman called, with fine irony, "Essay on Language." Derek Walcott's "Elsewhere," a mordant warning against Amnesty International chic, is as unambiguous as an editorial, but his coherence costs Walcott the strangeness that makes a reader keep returning to a poem. Still, he and the other good arguers in the anthology have an edge over most of the experimentalists, who preserve the sound of rhetoric as a memorial to its departed sense. A.L. Nielsen seems happy that "so many American poets write like Wittgenstein, or Gertrude," but too many of those end up sounding, as Joe Ross does in

Ellen Levy is a writer who lives in New York City.

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"Guards of the Heart," like Irwin Corey:

> So how does one—
> encounter one, who encounters so.
> Much remains, though much is
> stalled—
> bogged in mist by what is missed.
> And yet held in mind by what is timed.
> And I wait knowing, too full to fill
> the find of what we lost.

Treading the line between sense and nonsense takes nerve, but if you don't try you can't write vital poetry. Too few of the poets in this volume are willing to take risks (in 1988 a signal failing not just of the best American poets but of the best Americans). The most striking of the exceptions is John Koethe, whose long poem "Mistral" is awkward and repetitive and pretentious, but also mysterious and moving and original. It's a Jamesian meditation divided between two personae—a reflective type pondering the meaning of charisma and a charismatic type learning belatedly to reflect—whose differences get lost in the turnings of long sentences. In a passage that is both an example and a description of the discursive style at its best, this divided self listens to his own

> grandiose and convoluted
> explanation
> Without any real sense of understanding, captivated by the air of intellect
> And the inverted anger, glaring down at the deserted surface
> In abject despondency, yet finally acquiescing in its flat,
> Fastidious music, with its insistent undertone of sadness
> And its persistent tendency towards abstraction, like a fallacious
> Argument against the disenchantment that was going to come
> Eventually, in the amorphous future, when the twin spells
> Would loosen and their two trajectories would intersect.

Our language, like our landscape, has grown impersonal. It appears to have been "deserted" by our intentions until there's no there there. Faced with this situation, a poet can simply mock the way our explanations become devoid of substance even as they grow more "grandiose and convoluted," or she or he can try to refill the mutating form of the argument with some of its old content. Or, like Ashbery and his nervier readers, the poet can work through the helpless anger and despondency of our situation to break the trance brought on by the hypnotic voices of the advertisers and the newscasters. Their "twin spells would loosen" so we might be reunited with our words, free to enjoy, as Ashbery puts it, "the being of our sentences, in the climate that fostered them."

Lately the climate in both the poetry world and America at large hasn't fostered the kind of poet Wallace Stevens called a "figure of capable imagination." In his introduction to this volume, Ashbery presents his peculiar decision to meet Lehman's set maximum of seventy-five poems by including one poem each from seventy-five poets as a sort of Cageian experiment: "In such mixed company . . . [the poems] are inflected by the tuning-fork vibrations of their neighbors." However, the resulting din also conveniently masks the general mediocrity of the individual voices. Some still stand out—besides Koethe, Coleman and Justice, Allen Grossman, Donald Hall, Philip Levine and Richard Wilbur are in especially good form—while others, among them James Merrill and Douglas Crase, are inadequately represented. It's not Ashbery's, or even Lehman's, fault that the pickings are so slim. With their constant reshufflings, the anthologists may create the illusion of imaginative ferment, but they can't manufacture the reality. □

MUSIC.

JEFFERSON MORLEY

Pulnoc

The lead singer, a woman named Michaela Nemcova, is trained in opera and is six months pregnant with twins. The lead guitarist is a gifted 24-year-old punk named Karel Jancak who demanded that someone find a Czech-speaking priest in New York City to hear his confession. And Milan Hlavsa, the bass player and leader of the band, is a Prague hippie who worships at the altar of the Velvet Underground and is prone to an occasional bout of stage fright. With four Czech kindred spirits, they are Pulnoc, the rock band that is the successor and heir to the Plastic People of the Universe, a legendary underground band from Prague. When Pulnoc (pronounced "pool-notes," meaning "Midnight") recently made its debut in New York City, I heard the bell tolling for cold war culture.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. My story begins in Washington, where fellow students of the Bush non-Administration frequently inquire, "What the hell is going on here?" My none-too-coherent theory is

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that the scandals of Jim Wright, Iran/*contra*, the S&Ls and the State Department funding of drug traffickers all have something in common. I say something like, Perhaps the moral-political turmoil emanating from Washington is a superficial symptom of profound disorder within Western culture. As such, it resembles the moral-political turmoil in the Communist bureaucracies of the East. A friend from Warsaw asked me to explain why Jim Wright is in the news. I talked about the bickering and hypocrisy in Congress. "This is the same story as the deterioration of our party," she said. "Same thing, other side."

A sociological explanation of systemic disarray East and West might begin with Milan Djilas's theory of the New Class, noting the relevant distinctions and similarities between the Communist New Class, the *nomenklatura*, and the capitalist New Class, consisting of media managers, policy intellectuals, marketing specialists and so on. The troubles of these sectors might be in turn related to what Cornelius Castoriadis speaks of as "the waning of conflict and critique, the spreading of amnesia and the irrelevance, the growing inability to put into question the present and the existing institutions." Vaclav Havel, the Czech playwright, describes leviathan bureaucracies staggering about the world beyond human control, blind and stupid.

A classic example occurred in Czechoslovakia in 1976. The Plastic People of the Universe and many of their fans were arrested and jailed. Their crime against the working class was "organized disturbance of the peace"—i.e., acting as if they were free people. Havel attended the trial, watched the secret policemen in the courtroom and listened to the straight-faced prosecutors. He had a sudden loathing of "the world that I had one foot in and one foot out, the world of cunning shits."

Rock music points the way out of that world. As a countercultural art form, it is the kind of critique that Castoriadis is looking for. As Milan Hlavsa told *The New York Times*, "Rock and roll is the medium to express the situation of man in this world and the world to come."

I asked a friend who works at a right-wing sheet in the nation's capital if he would be interested in an article on the Plastic People of the Universe as antagonists of real existing socialism. He declined, saying, "Rock and roll as closely approximates the fascistic impulse as anything you will find in this country."

I fled to New York.

Who'd have thought hippies from the heart of the original Aryan nation would sound like a funk band? The lights went up at Performance Space 122 in Manhattan on April 24 and Hlavsa was a man transformed, a monkish-looking hippie laying down a killer groove. Jancak, the religious punk, expunged his sins by coaxing out a liquid wall of guitar sound that was, as one fan put it, "beyond metal." Petr Kumamdzas propelled the groove with ricocheting drums and Josef Janicek added odd angular synthesizer figures. Tomas Schilla's cello mediated ominously between the gravity of the groove and the freedom of the songline.

Funk is black in America. But Pulnoc funk is not derivative. Band members seem to know little about George Clinton or the Talking Heads (though I was glad to hear that Prague now has a go-go band). Yet when Hlavsa sidled up to the microphone for a stomp called "Little Canary," it was precisely the cathartic depth and sardonic courage found in American funk that he summoned up. In the Clintonian credo, funk not only moves, it can *remove*. Nemcova strolled up to the mike and the crushed groove-beat metamorphosed into a lyricless, full-throated ethereal chorus, a freed bird not moved, but removed.

The first-night crowd, largely middle-aged Czechoslovak exiles, sat stock still throughout the show, as if removed from this world. Two young women did the freak dancing for the whole hot room.

Gothic funk? Avant metal? Velvet punk? Nemcova did a beautiful "Song for Nico," an ode to the late rock chanteuse that was, to use an abused phrase, classic rock. Pavel Zaijek, a friend of the band and now a sculptor in New York, came on to do the band's cover of William Blake's poem "The Tyger." Zaijek rode the runaway groove that was a beast itself while chanting:

> Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
> In the forests of the night
> What immortal hand or eye
> Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

What are the political connotations of such music? Josef Skvorecky, the Czech novelist, once asked the same question of jazz. "Leftist? Rightist? Racialist? Classist? Nationalist? The vocabulary of the ideologists and mountebanks doesn't have a word for it." It "is not simply protest," Skvorecky says: "Its essence is something far more elemental: an élan vital, a forceful vitality, an explosive creative energy." As such, Pulnoc funk

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is a spirit of what might be called the maturing counterculture.

Milan Kundera has suggested that the Prague Spring of 1968 was the most mature expression of the Western counterculture. He compared it to the mood in Paris in May 1968. "May in Paris was an explosion of revolutionary lyricism," Kundera said. "The Prague Spring was the explosion of postrevolutionary skepticism." And what comes after postrevolutionary skepticism? At least in Czechoslovakia, the answer was the Plastic People.

Hlavsa, a former butcher's apprentice, formed the Plastic People of the Universe just a month after Brezhnev's tanks rolled in. Soon he hooked up with a brilliant cafe intellectual and art historian named Ivan Jirous. The band's name, at first hearing a kind of bad parody, was in fact squarely in the rock tradition of Western counterculture. The counterculture implied a counterlife lived independent of the life defined by what might be called "plastic people": brain-dead bureaucrats, manipulative media masters, deceitful career politicians and cynical military planners. Yet the name of the band was—and this too is typical of the counterculture—not ironic but sly. In Czech, *plastichy* means plastic but with the sense of having three dimensions. A Plastic Person was someone with depth.

The trial of the Plastic People in 1976 was a significant event in cold war culture. Jirous and three other members of the Plastic People scene were sentenced to jail. In the hallways of the courthouse, Czechoslovak intellectuals gathered in solidarity with the longhairs and laid plans for what became Charter 77, now a leading organization of the international human rights movement.

The band continued playing and recording, often at Vaclav Havel's country house. By the 1980s the Plastic People had become a symbol of political and cultural integrity. Jirous went in and out of jail for his continuing spirited defense of independent Czech culture. (He is now serving a sixteen-month sentence for reading protest poems in public.) Yet the legend of the Plastic People, so important to keeping alive the idea of a culture independent of the brain-dead Communist bureaucracy, was ultimately a burden to the music. "It was forced upon us from outside," Hlavsa says.

In 1987 he persuaded the skeptical Plastic People to disband. He then created Pulnoc, a new band carrying over three musicians from the original group (Hlavsa, Janicek and rhythm guitarist Jiri Kabes) and adding Nemcova, Schilla, Jancak and Kumamdzas. He wangled permission from the cultural authorities to play in public, noting, if anybody asked, that the Plastic People were dead.

Dissidents against their will might serve as a useful description of youth culture in the Soviet bloc. Since Khrushchev's 1956 speech criticizing Stalinism, an entire generation of plastic people has come of age in the Communist world. They have been shaped by postrevolutionary skepticism and the countercultural tradition of rock. Hence their maturity beyond their years. Hence the inability of the West (and especially those in the unmerry ghetto that is the Western left) to enlist them into outdated ideological genres.

When Pulnoc glided into an ecstatic song called "New York City," Nemcova struck me as the first siren and symbol of this totally misunderstood culture to reach our polluted shores. I certainly don't mean that Pulnoc speaks for some social phenomenon that can be converted into a media event, or that the band is the "sound of freedom" or any such cliché. The song, whose Czech lyrics I could not know, was written in 1987 after Hlavsa's first trip to America. "New York City" is his knowing tribute to a perilous rocky refuge in a world of cunning shits. As Hlavsa growled the last chorus and Nemcova sang, it was difficult to conceive a Western rock band performing as beautiful and wise a song about an Eastern city. It was also clear Nemcova wasn't the only person who was going to leave the show carrying new life. □

TURKEYS

Swapped for grouse, and hot
from the Missouri bottomlands,
turkeys trot across Wisconsin.
We have not seen them, but
their tracks fatten in the old
and rotting snow. The long toe
forward, the gait determined
and straight, as if they actually
had someplace important to go.

We sit in our farmhouse,
the hillside tethered in ice,
the woodstove sending its warm
signals into the ten below.
Have we come so far to silence?
What do we know of the huge
birds of disharmony that
inhabit our lives, imported
from some other state

of mind, the fate of the grouse
we've sent out on their own
to fill other hills with the
thrill of flight and birdshot.
For all their size and color
we see nothing in these woods
but footprints, the sudden
explosion of departure
the only bird we know.

Ronald Wallace

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 722*)

Kabulis, conducted interviews with government officials and P.D.P.A. members, attended press conferences, spoke with Indian officials and U.N. representatives, visited the Kabul prison and traveled widely in and around the city. What I discovered was a range of perspectives among the populace, from those deeply sympathetic to the mujahedeen to those extremely supportive of the Najibullah government, particularly as a result of the national reconciliation program. There were also people who were certain that the mujahedeen would win and others who were certain (and hopeful) that the government would not collapse, that its international standing would improve and that the mujahedeen would finally come around to the idea of negotiations and peace. My hypothesis that women (including nonparty women) would be among the government's strongest supporters was confirmed. One young employed woman said that she would kill herself if the mujahedeen came to power. No one who has seen or studied the situation of Afghan women in Peshawar could seriously entertain the notion that a possible "post-*jihad*" Afghanistan could be beneficial to women.

While Rubin's U.N. informant stressed the putative absence of government control outside of Kabul and appeared impressed by the mujahedeen's purported administrative capabilities, two U.N. representatives in Kabul with whom I spoke expressed admiration for the government's cooperation in their efforts, which is in contrast to mujahedeen hindrance of immunization efforts, food distribution and refugee repatriation. Most of the 200,000 Afghan refugees who have chosen to return and resettle since the advent of the national reconciliation have come from Iran (where a large percentage of them are economic refugees); the relevant U.N. official confirmed to me reports that the Pakistani authorities and the mujahedeen were preventing refugees from Peshawar from returning to Afghanistan.

Iranian dissidents who have sought refuge in Kabul from the various waves of repression and political executions in the Islamic

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Republic told me stories of mujahedeen atrocities in Kunduz and elsewhere. In Kunduz last autumn, girls who had received schooling had their breasts sliced off. An orphanage that held "children of martyrs" was blown up because the orphans were regarded as "infidels." Three years ago in Herat the famous Afghan singer and dancer Setareh was murdered precisely because of her vocation. (Interesting how these stories have never seen the light of day in the partisan accounts available in the United States.)

The Iranian political exiles in Kabul compared the celebration of the Afghan "freedom fighters" to the delusion of many (including themselves) who ten years earlier had argued that Ayatollah Khomeini would bring about a new, improved Iran, that he had liberal inclinations, etc. These Iranians felt that the Soviet intervention had been a bad idea, but that the P.D.P.A. was infinitely preferable to the mujahedeen.

These Iranians have chosen to stay on in Kabul because even though they fully expect bloody battles in the near future they are confident of the government's strength and the party's ability to remain in place. They also feel that the national reconciliation program is the best solution for the crisis in Afghanistan. They point out that while the dominant themes of the P.D.P.A. and government discourses are peace, brotherhood, dialogue, reconciliation, equality and reconstruction, the mujahedeen's language is belligerent, maximalist, theocratic and misogynist. For these reasons, they hope that Western countries will reconsider their policy and promote negotiation among the contending parties rather than continued warfare.

Val Moghadam

RUBIN REPLIES

New Haven

Val Moghadam finds my article "incomplete," "puzzling" and "not very reassuring." Neocolonial occupation of a poverty-stricken agricultural country by an industrial superpower rarely has reassuring results, so the last should not be too surprising. Among the results of the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan, for which Moghadam's friends in the P.D.P.A. claim credit, are more than 1 million deaths, nearly half due to indiscriminate bombing of villages. Three-quarters of the victims of bombing were women and girls, of whose sufferings Val Moghadam says not a word. (But perhaps it was such considerations that led Moghadam's Iranian contacts to concede that the Soviet "intervention" was a "bad idea.")

I understand why Moghadam would find my article "puzzling"—right-wing supporters of the mujahedeen have found my support for a negotiated end to the war as difficult to understand as she finds my views on the P.D.P.A. I regret, though, that she abandoned the attempt, however demanding, to respond to my article's content in favor of the doubtless more satisfying task of smearing it as "typical" of "much" of a certain type of literature. For the record, whatever the failings of others' writings on Afghanistan, nowhere in my article are mujahedeen claims "dutifully recorded verbatim"; no "Western diplomats" are quoted on the situation in Kabul; and, as Moghadam's quotes make quite clear, the mujahedeen are not deified.

I also find it rather irritating to be upbraided for failing to consider the P.D.P.A.'s views, as the Kabul regime has twice failed to grant me visas I have requested for precisely this purpose. I recently raised this directly to Shah Mohammad Dost, the Afghan U.N. ambassador, to whom I was introduced in the U.N. delegates' lounge by a Soviet diplomat. (I have met repeatedly with that diplomat and other Russians in order to exchange ideas on a negotiated settlement of the conflict.) When my Soviet contact identified me, Dost bristled and informed me that I would not be allowed to visit Afghanistan.

Like Moghadam, I have recently traveled to those parts of the region accessible to me, namely the refugee areas in Pakistan and a nearby area of Afghanistan controlled by the mujahedeen. I can therefore comment on a few of her specific charges and add some points on which my article was, indeed, "incomplete."

Moghadam charges the mujahedeen with hindering humanitarian efforts. There is some truth to this, but to treat it as the whole truth is a distortion. The mujahedeen have been hesitant to permit food convoys to enter Kabul because some of them wish to blockade the city rather than launch a conventional attack with its attendant civilian casualties. According to Unicef officials in New York, most of the commanders around Kabul have cooperated with their immunization program. Many commanders have sponsored medical clinics in areas under their control. They have distributed food and cash for food supplied by European and American aid organizations. I discussed the charge that the mujahedeen are hindering refugee repatriation in my visits to Geneva, Peshawar and Islamabad. I spoke with the head of the U.N. High Commission for Refugees' Afghan refugee repatriation program, the U.N.H.C.R. desk officer for Afghanistan and the chief of the U.N.H.C.R. mission in Pakistan, and none of them knew of any such evidence, nor did I see any in my (unescorted) visits to refugee camps.

But most important, throughout the war Soviet and Afghan government forces have bombed and destroyed mujahedeen clinics, arrested foreign and Afghan medical personnel, devastated agriculture, burned food and driven one-third of the Afghan population into exile. Moghadam mentions the "waves of repression and political executions" in Iran that have driven a few thousand supporters of the Tudeh Party to seek refuge in Kabul, but she never mentions the repression, torture and killings that have driven more than 5 million Afghans out of their

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country. Her statement that a "large percentage" of Afghans in Iran are "economic refugees" is worthy of Ed Meese's Justice Department. The entire area between Herat and the Iranian border has been leveled by Soviet and Afghan government carpet bombing. This has destroyed the livelihood of the survivors, perhaps rendering them "economic refugees" according to Moghadam.

Like Moghadam, during my visit I found a wide range of views among Afghans on many political issues. Many mujahedeen and antigovernment exiles agree with some of her own views and in particular with her bitter criticisms of the radical Islamists (who are not identical with "the mujahedeen"). The Afghan refugee community includes liberal nationalist Afghan intellectuals, including women whom I have interviewed, who have suffered imprisonment, torture and persecution by the P.D.P.A., a fact Moghadam apparently cannot bring herself to confront. These sources also told me of atrocities committed by some of the radical Islamist groups as well as by the Wahhabi Arab volunteers who fight alongside them. These atrocities have included rape and abduction of women. I have published these accounts in a "News from Asia Watch" dated February 27, 1989, available from Human Rights Watch (36 West 44th Street, New York, NY 10036); this note, of course, reflects only my personal views. These intellectuals, as well as the mujahedeen from the more moderate groups, rightly complain that the radicals have been strengthened by U.S. arms distributed by Pakistan and by oil money from the Arab gulf. The United States, Pakistan and Saudi Arabia hence bear some responsibility for these crimes.

Still, many (I believe most) Afghans who deeply oppose such extremism are unwilling to forgive or collaborate with the P.D.P.A., whose leaders they consider to be war criminals responsible for the destruction of their country. The intellectuals, especially educated women, are victims of the P.D.P.A. in another way: A further disastrous result of the P.D.P.A.'s policies and the Soviet invasion has been the discrediting of social reform, which for many has come to be associated with foreign occupation, contempt for the culture and religion, and unrestrained violence. Like the Shah of Iran, the P.D.P.A. tried to impose an imported development model through violence and arrogance.

The extremist reaction of some Afghans is as regrettable as it is inevitable, and the United States should be trying to restrain it, not support it. I have argued elsewhere (*Orbis*, Winter 1989) in favor of a U.N.-sponsored negotiated solution aimed at empowering the voiceless mainstream of Afghan politics. But the condition for the success of such efforts remains the departure of at least the leadership of the P.D.P.A. The P.D.P.A. is not the solution to the problems of Afghanistan any more than the Shah was the solution to the problems of Iran. *Barnett R. Rubin*

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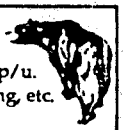

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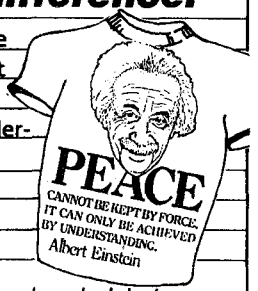

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	T	■	N	■	P	■	I	■	M	■	L	■	C	■
G	O	O	D	T	I	M	E	■	B	A	L	L	A	D
	B	■	E	■	N	■	S	■	L	■	I	■	S	■
B	A	H	R	E	I	N	■	H	E	I	N	O	U	S
	G	■	W	■	O	■	S	■	M	■	■	■	A	■
P	O	T	E	E	N	■	P	A	S	T	I	L	L	E
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A	B	A	T	T	O	I	R	■	M	E	T	H	O	D
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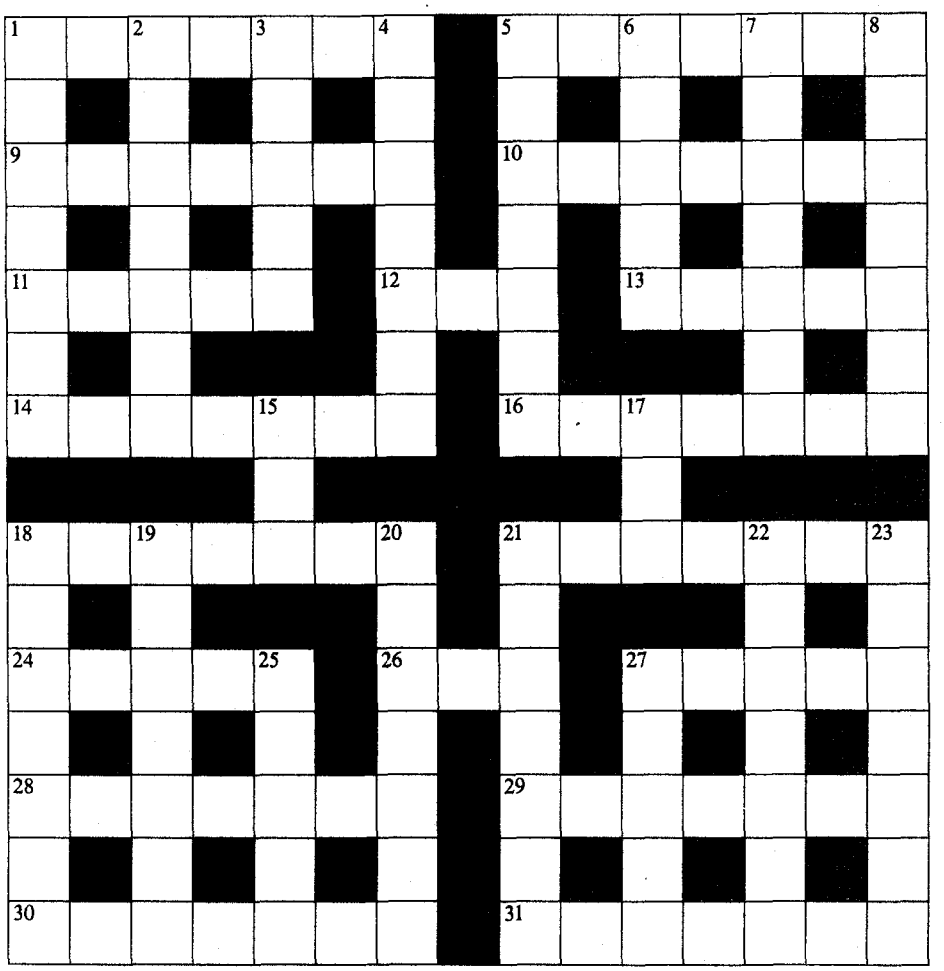
Crossword Puzzle No. 2244

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A devilish way to get a fashionable skin coloring, thus classically getting around it. (Noxious poesy?) (7)
5 and 18 across Does Bob, the comedian, appear before the elite? One might, if not certain of the outcome. (4,3,3,4)
9 Come and erect something, with wind unpredictably inside it. (7)
10 To have the true purpose in mind, is in France the lowest thing possible! (7)
11, 12 and 14 Very good for the hair, but they did a lot of damage during the war. (5,10)
13 Red no trouble for such a witchy place? (5)
14 See 11
16 Burnt the midnight oil, and ran wildly around 2,000. (7)
18 See 5 across
21 A country road ran crookedly, of course! (7)
24, 26 and 27 The sprint team might be, by the coach. (You could be hurt and offended, if you say you are!) (3,2,3,5)
28 The sort of 10 that takes to water, naturally? Get on! (7)
29 The town where an honest man gets around, and breaks the line inside. (7)
30 One's name could be Thomas, traditionally, and is kept, I conceive, inside! (7)
31 Really dislikes the capital of Denmark, getting set more than once, and badly! (7)

DOWN

1 Famous Indian somehow looking at Moses? (7)
2 Bertram, please put your foot down! It shows! (7)
3 The low point of the consumer advocate, by the sound of it! (5)
4 Proving an auto ends up sort of unharmed, but they should be able to hold their drinks! (7)
5 Oh! It comes up with a bad crime, which is surely imposing! (7)
6, 17 and 27 down What one might expect with *The Guns of August* still? (5,3,5)
7 A hoped-for ringer, according to America! (7)
8 No longer working with new rubber all around? (7)
15 The proper place of the Bishop, as one might understand. (3)
17 See 6
18 Annie Oakley's a free one of these! (7)
19 Address seen in the announcement it left? (7)
20 Erroneously thought to be like Molly Brown on the stage. (7)
21 The way Lincoln was called fat, according to the philosopher and theologian? (7)
22 Those who might break into houses, looking for criminals in Oakland? (7)
23 Sort of sank with what might be allowed inside socks, perhaps. (7)
25 A modern display in the gallery with nothing to split? (2,3)
27 See 6

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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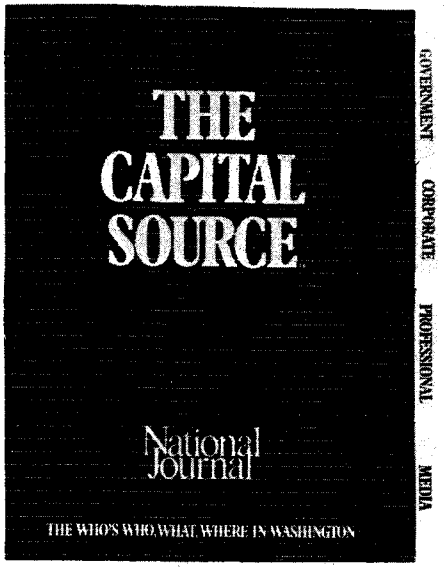

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